





The Grail



*Happy New Year
to All Our Readers!*



Can 2494 Serious-Minded Men

have erred in choosing the Benedictine Brotherhood as the best state in which to exploit to the fullest extent their God-given talents? Yet, these are but a few of the many thousands who during fourteen centuries have found in the *mild* Rule of St. Benedict the eagerly sought recipe for peace of soul and the safest guidebook to their true home in heavenly bliss. To join this happy company of peace-loving men only *two* things are required,—a *firm will* to serve God alone, and the *physical ability* to carry out His Will, to perform the task that Divine Providence has appointed for *you*. God has a special work for *you* to do, on the fulfillment of which depends your happiness. Have you the courage to do it? Why put off beginning it till tomorrow? Write *today* for further information to

The Right Reverend Abbot, O. S. B.

St. Meinrad Abbey

St. Meinrad, Ind.

Academy of the Immaculate Conception

A Commissioned High School

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict

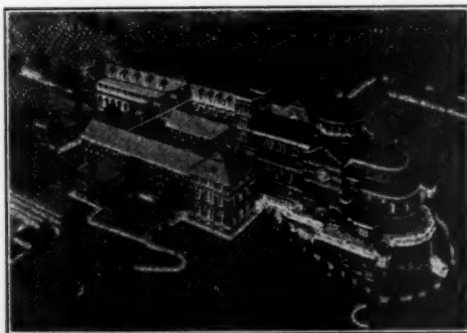
Ferdinand, Indiana

The Academy is a boarding school for girls and young ladies, commissioned by The Board of Education of the State of Indiana to confer on its graduates all the Privileges and Rights of a Commissioned High School. It is equipped with special facilities for the study of Music and Art. The location is healthful and the grounds are extensive and beautiful. The Building is well equipped for educational work.

Aims: Physical Health, Solid Knowledge, Cultivated Manners, Thorough Moral and Religious Training. For particulars:

Sister Superior

Academy of the Immaculate Conception
FERDINAND, INDIANA





Our Grail Building Fund

District of Columbia: N. B., \$1; Illinois: M. R., \$1; M. C., 25¢; A. D., 50¢; H. H., \$1; M. K., 54¢; Iowa: M. F., \$1; L. L. A., 25¢; E. P., \$1; Massachusetts: M. E. H., \$1; B. W., \$2; J. J. H., \$9; New York: B. C., \$1; N. N., \$1; M. F. T., 24¢; Mrs. L., \$1; M. A., 90¢; S. B., \$1; Ohio: J. H., \$5; Pennsylvania: D. B. P., \$1; Rhode Island: J. W., \$1; Wisconsin: P. B., \$1.

Any donations towards a heavy debt incurred on this building will be greatly appreciated.

Our Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3849.97. Total: \$3849.97.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3476.90. K. S., Calif., \$4. Total: \$3480.90.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3342.96. K. A. R., Ala., \$1. Total: \$3343.96.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3077.09. Total: \$3077.09.

The above Scholarships are the voluntary donations of our subscribers. When completed they will give an 11 year course free to some poor boy studying for the Holy Priesthood. Can you lend your assistance?

For Benedictine Missions in Korea

Previously acknowledged: \$821.30. Total: \$821.30.

Address all communications to
THE ABBEY PRESS,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.
c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

NOTICE: See our Gift Awards on next page. We no longer have agents to represent us. Send your subscriptions direct to

THE GRAIL,
St. Meinrad, Ind.

THE BROTHERS OF MERCY OF ST. JOHN OF GOD

who care for and nurse male patients both in hospitals and private homes, are seeking candidates. Young men from the ages of 17 to 37 who feel themselves called to this noble work, will please apply to the

NOVICE MASTER
BROTHERS OF MERCY

49 Cottage St.

Buffalo, N. Y.

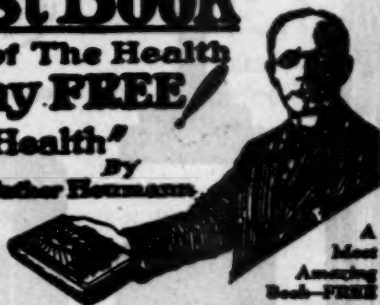
The Best Book

On the Care of The Health

Given away FREE

"Aids to Good Health"

By
Father Heumann



6,110,000 of these books have been distributed throughout the world.

Those who have read this book appreciate why so many people use it as their household guide. Father Heumann tells how to keep well; he explains the causes of many common ailments, and then shows, with ample proof, that obstinate ailments may often be combatted with the most simple means. In this way hundreds of thousands have found relief in ailments such as listed in the coupon below.

You unquestionably will wish to own a copy of this valuable book. We will gladly present same to you. All you have to do is fill in the coupon, and the book will be sent to you at once. There is no obligation on your part; free of all cost. The book will be of inestimable value to you and your loved ones. It is indispensable for everybody.



Full of Illustrations and Charts.

FREE FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

L. HEUMANN & CO., Inc., 34 East 12th St., New York, N. Y. 3022P

Please send, free of charge and without obligation, Father Heumann's Family Health Book

Name.....Street.....

R. F. D.....Box.....Town.....State.....

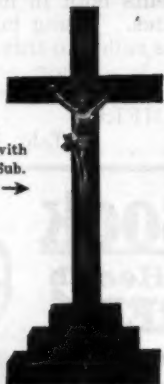
(Print your name very plainly and check ailment below with which you are suffering)

NERVOUS DISORDERS	General Weakness	DROPSY
Nervousness	Chorea	SKIN TROUBLES
Unduly Excited	BLADDER AND KIDNEY	Eczema, Irritation,
STOMACH AND BOWEL	TROUBLE	Eruptions of the skin,
DISORDERS		etc.
CONSTIPATION	GALL & LIVER TROU-	HARDENING OF AR-
Purifying the Bowels	BLE	TERIES
System Purifying	Gallstones, Jaundice	High Blood Pressure,
LEG SORES	COLDS AND COUGHS	Infirmities of Old Age.
Varicose Veins, Ulcers,	Head Colds, Hoarse-	HEMORRHOIDS (Piles)
Slow Healing Wounds	ness, Bronchial Ca-	ASTHMA
RHEUMATISM & GOUT	tarrh, Grippe and like	Difficulty in breathing
ANEMIA	disorders.	RUPTURE

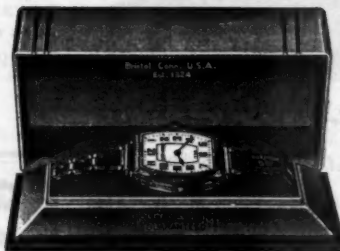


"Achievement"
Given with 4 yr. Sub. \$5

"F"
Given with
3 yr. Sub.
\$4 →



"Handmaiden"
Given with 3 yr. Sub. \$4



"Babe Ruth"
Given with
4 yr. Sub. \$5



"Faith" Given with 2 yr. Sub. \$3



"B"
Given with 1 yr.
Sub. \$2



"Delight" Given with
Subscriptions totalling \$10

"G"
Given
with
4 yr.
Sub. \$5



"C"
Given with 2 yr.
Sub. \$3

"Pro" Given with 3 yr. Sub. \$4



"H"
Given with 4 yr.
Sub. \$6



"Foursome" Given with 1 year Sub. \$2

"Fidelity" Given with 1 yr. Sub. \$2



Date.....

Benedictine Fathers,
St. Meinrad, Ind.

In enclose \$..... for years
subscription. As my Gift send me

.....

Name

Address.....

.....

See page 384 for new reduced subscription rates

The Grail

(Title Registered in United States Patent Office)

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 184

JANUARY, 1933

NUMBER 9

CONTENTS

HIGHER CIRCLE—(Poem)	Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.	356
EDITOR'S PAGE		357
HIGHEST HAPPINESS—(Poem)	Elizabeth Voss	358
RAINBOW'S END	Clare Hampton	359
DANIEL MORGAN	Maude Gardner	362
THE THINGS THAT COUNT	Alice E. Sinclair	364
THE FITZES OF FIRE ISLAND	F. H. Sweet	368
KWEERY KORNER	Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B.	371
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS	Clare Hampton	372
CHILDREN'S CORNER	Agnes Brown Hering	374
ABBEY AND SEMINARY		378
BOOK NOTICES		380
MAID AND MOTHER	Clare Hampton	381

THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

New Subscriptions and Renewals \$2.00 for 1 year; \$3.00 for 2 years, \$4.00 for 3 years; \$5.00 for 4 years.

Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional per year.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

When you send in a change of address, or a complaint, please include with your letter the wrapper or the corner of the magazine on which your name and address appear.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press." Do not use or add any other name.

Address manuscripts to the editor.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to "The Abbey Press," St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Highest Circle

Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

The air is as pure as on rocky heights
Of Grecian islands, when the day first wakes;—
The air is soundless save for a soft beat,
As wave on wave about the crannies breaks.

Behold! as with imperious mantle-sweep
A king doth grasp the sceptre of his sway,—
So with strong wings at the new day's first peep
The Royal Eagle cleaves his heavenward way.

Silent he rises in great curves amain;
With lustrous eye he welcomes the sun's beam
And dares to contemplate his open blaze,
Drinking the fiery force in constant stream.

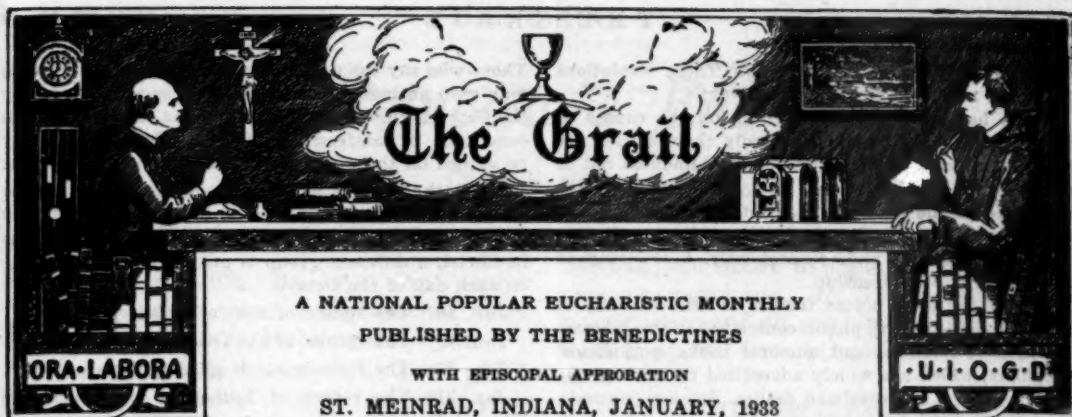
And then, undazed, his look falls to the earth,
And circling down he quests his richest prey
A fleet-heel'd deer—or antelope of worth,—
To feast his family on New Year's Day.

* * * * *

And I have circled also, year on year;—
But did I rise above the fogs and mist
Of circumstance, and into sunshine clear
Forge with a will and keep our Saviour's tryst?

For He hath made us Children of the Light
To mirror something of His very Being,
And contemplate His Beauty with delight
If but with eye serene we *will* be seeing.

If we but rise this year above the haze
That blurred His Sunshine o'er the marchy tarn:
Though we're no eagles—mark the dove's clear gaze,
And leave the bats to slumber in the barn.



Catholic Press Month

The hierarchy of the United States has appointed February Catholic Press Month. Great harm has been done to immortal souls by the irreligious press of the country. During February sermons are preached throughout the land to awaken in the consciences of Catholics their duty towards the apostolate of the press. The good seed is sown in the field of the Catholic press, but if the printed word is not read, of what use is it?

Every right-minded Catholic knows that his religious instruction is not completed when he has finished the parochial school, or high school, or even college. To make one's faith a living faith it is necessary to supplement with reading the instruction and the knowledge gathered in other ways. The instruction may not have been fully grasped at the time it was given, reading will clear up the matter. To keep the flame of faith alive, it is necessary to feed it the proper material, which, in addition to the sermons heard, is to be found in Catholic papers, magazines, books, pamphlets, and other products of the Catholic press.

St. Francis de Sales, doctor of the Church, whose feast falls on January 29, is the patron of the Catholic press. St. Francis de Sales was a great convert maker through the spoken and the written word. Many a one has found his way into the Church through reading, and by the same means many another has preserved his faith and persevered therein to the end. Let no one be so foolish as to try to persuade himself that he has no need of Catholic reading matter. With respect to their children, parents have a grave duty in this regard.

The Secular Press

Most Rev. Francis Clement Kelly, Bishop of Oklahoma, founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society, and first President thereof, who does not mince words when he expresses his views, thus characterizes the secular daily: "The daily paper is meant for Christian, Jew, and pagan. It brings you the sordid details of court-room cases, lists the bigamous actions of divorcees, pastes long streamers of murder before your eyes, dips down into dives with stories of ungodly people, takes you mentally into places where decent people would refuse to go. It seldom uplifts, yet by relating morbid details it often tears down, for its purpose is to make money, not to make men more Christian. No home ever grew closer to God by reading a daily newspaper, and no child ever grew Christlike by perusing its columns."

Commenting on these words, *The Catholic Mirror* (Dec. 1932), says: "And yet this is the paper that must be continued at all hazards, while the Catholic paper with its clean, wholesome news that leaves no stain upon the mind of young or old must be discontinued for economy's sake. If you are thinking of dropping your subscrip-

tion, ask yourself, if you are a member of this latter class, whether you can afford to make such a choice between God and mammon."

THE BISHOPS ON IMPROPER READING MATTER

How necessary the reading of Catholic literature is was stressed by the Bishops of the United States in their recent meeting at Washington when they condemned the indecent literature of the secular press that is placed continually in the hands of the people. We

The Grail has NO Agents!

Since December 1, 1932, THE GRAIL no longer employs an agency or agents, we warn our readers to be on their guard against solicitors, who may claim to represent our magazine. When solicitors, who formerly took your subscription to THE GRAIL, come around again and ask, or pretend to ask, or leave you under the impression that they are asking, for your renewal, you have every reason to suspect them. Be not deceived by their story, however plausible it may seem. They are not in our service. They are impostors. It has come to light that quite recently some of our subscribers believed that they were renewing their subscriptions when they discovered that another magazine had been foisted upon them.

quote the resolutions they drew up. These resolutions are worth reading and pondering over:

"Much has been said and written on the causes of the present depression. Undoubtedly those causes are in the main economic, but it would be blindness not to recognize the looseness and laxity of morals which both hastened the economic chaos of the world and now plays its part in extending laxity in public morals, loss of public decency; and, consequently, a lowering of the standards of citizenship.

"One of the most potent factors in this debasing of the individual and the public conscience is the increasing flood of immoral and unmoral books, periodicals, pamphlets, which are widely advertized throughout the country. Great metropolitan dailies, literary journals, carry laudatory advertisements of books that have always been known as obscene. Publishers repeatedly issue new books outdoing the old ones in obscenity. Public opinion has influenced the courts of the nation to such an extent that it is now almost impossible to have the most obscene of books debarred from the customs or from the mails.

"Literature has its uplifting, human mission. Wholesome, healthy reading promotes both entertainment and education. Talented men and women are to-day producing worthy literature, devoting themselves to it as one of the greatest of the arts. A practical guide to such literature may be found in the lists of the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee, published in our Catholic Press.

"It is further undeniable that many writers, beggared of talent and of true literary gifts, are playing up the sexual, the sensational, and the superficial, and that these books are exploited by many reviewers as literary productions. They speak of the flesh rather than of the mind.

"We call upon our own Catholic people, young and old, to maintain valiantly the standards of worthy, clean literature. We ask them to make it part of that crusade of Catholic Action, of which the Holy Father speaks. Catholic organizations can and should express publicly to daily newspapers, to magazines, their protest against this corrupt and corrupting reading and picture matter. Co-operation by communities of Catholic organizations with the local public library would be conducive of much good. Our people should not be misled by books written under the cloak of medical advice, instruction on matters of sex, many of which are indecent beyond expression.

"The corruption of private and public morals wears away more surely than any other agency the foundations of a nation. The publication and unobstructed distribution of indecent books and periodicals is, at the present time, one of the greatest menaces to our national well-being."

Church Unity Octave

The Church Unity Octave from Jan. 18 to 25 inclusive, which was first held by a group of non-Catholics, of whom at least a part entered the Church, has now found favor with Catholics quite generally.

Those who say the prayers prescribed for this devotion may gain an indulgence of 200 days once a day during the Octave, while a plenary indulgence, under the usual conditions of confession and Holy Communion, may be gained on the completion of this eight-day exercise.

While the prayers of this Octave are offered up for all who are beyond the pale of the Church, that they may become one with us and that we all may be one in Christ, a different group is prayed for in particular on each day of the Octave.

Jan. 18: The return of the "other sheep."

Jan. 19: The return of the Oriental Separatists.

Jan. 20: The Submission of all Anglicans.

Jan. 21: The return of Lutherans and other continental Protestants.

Jan. 22: That all non-Catholic Christians in America may become one with us.

Jan. 23: The return to their duty of all negligent Catholics.

Jan. 24: The conversion of the Jews.

Jan. 25: Missionary conquest of the world.

PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

ANT. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.

V. I say unto Thee that Thou art Peter.

R. And upon this rock I will build My Church.

LET US PRAY: Lord Jesus Christ, who didst say to Thy apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give you; consider not my sins, but the faith of Thy Church; and deign to keep it in peace and unity according to Thy Will; Who livest and reignest, God, through all eternity. Amen.

Let us have recourse to our Divine Friend in our troubles. We can always share our griefs with Him.

The duty of reparation is one we all owe to the Divine Presence on our altars.

The life of the spirit depends to a great extent on the regular reception of the Food of Angels.

Let us not fail to make a sufficient thanksgiving after receiving the Divine Guest into our heart.

Highest Happiness

ELIZABETH VOSS

Yes, God's the end of every good,
And highest happiness; the floor
And roof of joy—and, understand,
He can be reached—I adore!

Rainbow's End

CLARE HAMPTON

CHAPTER III—THE PARTY

"OH Myra! Oh My—ra! I'm ready! Are you?" sang a high-pitched voice out of the darkness of Myra's garden path.

"Almost, Miss Marobone. Come in!" replied the girl. The spinster, holding her ruffled pink skirts carefully away from the dewy hedge along the path, and up the wooden steps of the side porch, simpered along in her daintiest manner, opening the screen door with careful finger tips, lest she soil her oft-laundered, ancient, white-silk gloves.

"Myra!" called old Mr. Curtis. "Tie this confounded bow fer me, will ye? I never could make a decent bow—oh, ah, good evening, Miss Marobone! Have to purty up," he laughed. "Ye know, thar's goin' to be a powerful lot o' sweet gals thar to-night."

"Oh, Mr. Curtis!" tittered Miss Marobone, moving up to a mirror on the kitchen wall to pat her curls and see if the rose behind her ear was still in position.

"You look uncommon purty yerself to-night, Miss Marobone," he complimented, winking at Myra. The maiden lady made a gesture at him.

"Oh, Mr. Curtis, you go on! You're nothing but a flatterer." But she was pleased at the compliment, and looked at herself once more in the small glass.

"Yes, sir, you're goin' to stampede the boys to-night, I'm sure of it," he continued, with mock seriousness, as he adjusted his tie and ran his finger around his unaccustomed stiff collar. Miss Marobone giggled, more pleased than ever.

"Myra, was your father always such a flatterer?"

"Well, I don't know, but he does like to josh people along quite a bit. He must have been quite a killer in his own day, don't you think?"

"Oh, by the way, Miss Marobone," said Mr. Curtis, with another wink at Myra. "Charlie Wood was askin' about you to-day."

"No! really?" asked the lady, all aflutter.

"Yes indeed! Wanted to know if anybody had told you about to-night. I told him we were a-bringin' you. He 'lowed he'd be glad to come down and git you himself, only, 'course, as long as we were bringin' you, there's no need."

"Well, that was nice of him," commented the visitor, trying not to appear too happy. "Where did you see him?"

"Down to Grable's grocery. He was gettin' coffee and sugar and a lot o' fancy victuals for to-night. Spaghetti, and red sody pop, and cheese, and colorin' for the cake and ice cream. Goin' to be quite a party I hear."

"My! It does sound kind of inviting, doesn't it?"

"Miss Marobone, did you take an all-over apron?" asked Myra.

"Yes, right in this parcel, dear. Don't tell me you're taking that nice white starched linen Hoover? You'll ruin it with peach stains."

"Oh, I'll be careful; besides, I can always bleach it out."

"Why don't you take a blue gingham apron to perfect the Hoover?" asked Mr. Curtis, brushing his suit with a whisk broom.

"Yes, and a black sateen one to protect the gingham one, eh?" laughed Myra. "Well, I'm about ready. How about you, Daddy?"

"Didn't comb my permanent out yet, and I've got to polish my knob on top. Got any floor wax handy, Myra?"

"Oh, hurry, Daddy. You waste all your time joking."

"That blue crêpe dress looks real pretty on you, dearie. Is that the one you made last spring?"

"Oh, no! This is three years old. Every now and then I boil out the color and dye it some other shade. In that way I keep everybody guessing. They think I have all those different-colored dresses."

"Well, you have, haven't you?" asked Miss Marobone, laughing.

"Yes, but only one at a time," replied Myra.

"It's about time that poor dress was getting a rest, isn't it?" asked her father.

"Why, Daddy, it's perfectly good yet. I wouldn't think of throwing it away." Here the sound of a motor out at the gate caused them to pause in their speech and look out the door.

"Hi, folks!" called a voice, as the crunch of gravel told of the approach of the visitor. It was Roy Eldrige, hatless, and immaculate in a new light grey suit, white shirt and blue-and-white striped tie, a blue silk handkerchief peeping out of his breast pocket. "Thought I'd drop up and take you in the machine, Myra, as long as Miss Marobone is coming. Your Dad can take her in the buggy. You'd be too crowded anyway."

"All right! Thanks, Roy," replied Myra. "We were just wondering how to manage without mussing our dresses."

"I brought the folks over early, so I'd have time to come back and get you," he told her, as they filed out the door and she turned to lock it.

"Very kind of you," she murmured. "Have very many of the folks arrived down at the Dader's yet?"

"Quite a number, Myra. There were about ten cars and rigs parked in their side yard, and more coming all the time. They've started peeling already."

"Oh, then we must hurry. We want to get done early, so we can have a lot of time for dancing and games."

So Myra and Roy chugged away, leaving Miss Marobone and Mr. Curtis plodding behind, and in five minutes they were at the Daders' farmhouse.

"Hello, Myra, how are you?" greeted Mrs. Dader, kissing the girl in her warm, affectionate manner. "My, how pretty you look! And Roy, you look so well in that new suit." Then, taking Myra by the arm, she propelled her across the kitchen, whispering mischievously:

"You two make a mighty sweet couple, did you know that?"

"Oh, Mrs. Dader, you mustn't say that. I'm promised, you know."

"You still have hopes?"

"I'll never give up until I find out one way or another. I've been thinking of getting the Red Cross to help me. They've found quite a

number of missing boys, you know—traced them up."

"Yes, that's true. Have you written them?"

"Not yet; but I'm going to."

"Here! You may sit here beside Mrs. Tumtucker and peel this basket of peaches together," said the hostess, pulling a chair out for Myra, who put on her starched apron and took her paring knife from her handbag. Mrs. Tumtucker, a robust, gray-haired lady, at once began a runnin'-fire of conversation with the girl, the while new arrivals constantly kept coming into the kitchen, and greetings were continually being called back and forth. Then somebody leaned over the back of Myra's chair, and she perceived a strong odor of ancient corncob pipe.

"Did—ah—is Miss Marobone coming, do you know, Miss Myra?" he stammered, leaning his ruddy face, with its unshaven jaw and fringe of unkempt red hair, close to her ear, so that no one else might hear.

"She's on her way here with Daddy, Mr. Wood. They ought to be along most any moment now." Mrs. Tumtucker squinted her eyes and leaned toward him.

"My goodness, Charlie," she cried, in a loud voice, "where did you get that loud shirt? Ooh! It hurts my eyes!" And she placed her hands over her eyes in mock fear of its brightness. It was of cerise-pink broadcloth, with vivid, yellow-silk stripes. Mr. Wood looked down proudly at his sleeve, which he held out.

"Hm, I think that's a purty shirt. I don't wear it often; only fer speshul occasions. Bought it over in Marshall about six years ago. And I take care of it. I make Marthy Ann wash it speshul by hand. I wouldn't let her put it in with the rest o' her wash."

"Yes, and I wouldn't want to!" called out Mrs. Dader, his sister. "It would fade all over my other clothes. It was at least three shades darker when it was new."

"My! my! I don't see why the factory picked such colors!" continued Mrs. Tumtucker, shaking her head.

"Why, them are nice colors. Ain't you got no eye to beauty?" defended Charlie, while the rest of the crowd guffawed. Here Mr. Curtis entered, holding Miss Marobone's arm, and

simpering in mock gallantry. Mr. Wood, grinning fatuously, sidled gradually behind one chair and then another, until he at last reached the door, where the maiden lady stood. But hardly had he reached there, but Mrs. Dader led her to a chair, after helping her on with her elaborately embroidered apron. Then Charlie had to sidle all the way back again, until he reached the lady's chair. But everybody was so busy peeling peaches, that they had no time to notice this side play.

Before long, all the guests were assembled, the men smoking and joking and doing whatever they were bid in the way of carrying and emptying baskets and kettles and bowls, while the women industriously peeled the fruit. In an hour and a half, all the peaches were finished—peeled, stoned and sliced, and sugared down for the night, ready to be made into preserves in a huge copper kettle next day. Then a fire would be built out in the yard, a hearth of bricks erected, and the immense kettle set upon them. Mrs. Dader and her daughters and married sisters would all take turns during the day in stirring the preserves with a long wooden paddle, which was necessary because the moment the stirring stopped, the fruit would burn, and the long paddle was needed to prevent being burned by the spattering, bubbling hot jam. When the preserves were done, they were ladled off into crocks and divided up among the family for the winter. This was an annual event with the Daders, and looked forward to by the people of the countryside as much as Thanksgiving or any other holiday.

When the fruit was all finished, everyone repaired outside to the new barn, which Mr. Dader and his sons had wired for electric lights. He prided himself on having electric current for his dairy and household machinery, and his boys closely read mechanical journals and eagerly put every new idea into execution. But when they were ready to dance, they discovered that the musicians were missing.

"Bob, didn't you phone the boys like I told you?" asked Mrs. Dader.

"Why, sure! And I saw Johnny Winkle in town this morning, and he said they were coming without fail." Everyone shook his head in disappointment. A gathering at the Daders' and no dancing? It was unheard of.

"I brought my mouth harp along," piped up a youth of fifteen.

"Fine! Fine! Play it for us, won't you?" Jimmy knew several popular tunes, which, however, sounded all alike in the playing, a fact which did not disturb the dancers in the least.

"What about thet graphophone you had, Willyum?" asked a gray-haired old grandpa of Mr. Dader.

"Oh, it would be fine if we had some dance music, but all we have is Old Black Joe and Jerusalem and Mother Machree and sech. You can't dance to classical songs."

"I know what!" cried Oscar Lakeslider, dissatisfied with the mouth-harp music. "I'll hop on m'hoss and go down the road a bit to see if I can find Johnny and Jed. Mebbe somethin' happened to 'em with that tin Lizzie o' theirs."

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried the girls, clapping their hands in approval. "Oscar Lakeslider is going on his horse to find the musicians. Hurry Oscar, so we won't be wasting all this good time for nothing!"

So Oscar hurried, and after galloping down the road for fifteen minutes or so, found the two young men trying to fix a hopeless flat tire which refused to hold air for more than a few minutes at a time.

"Hi, fellows, what's the trouble?" greeted Oscar, dismounting.

"Blame tube won't hold any air, and we haven't a spare."

"Why don't you take it off and roll in on your rim; the folks are most frantic. They want to dance, and there's no music."

"What say, Jed? Shall we do it?" asked John Winkle.

"Guess we'll have to, although this road won't be very good for the rim."

"Get the flivver up there somehow; I'm sure Jim Dader has some tire patch. We'll fix it up for you while you play. Only hurry!"

So they started off, bumping along slowly on the tireless rim, and after a laborious twenty-five minutes, arrived at the farmhouse, greeted by a line of guests who stood along the fence, having come out when someone called to them that the musicians were coming.

"Come on, fellows!" cried several young men, as the car stopped. "Get your fiddle and

Dutch pull-out and come on in. Let the old fogies fix the car! We want to dance!" And, drawn along in spite of themselves, they were compelled to accompany the young folks, who crowded about them in a body, shouting and chattering, until they entered the barn. They hastily washed their hands and combed their hair, urged along by the impatient boys and girls, who could hardly wait until the violin was tuned and the accordion uncovered. Someone took hold of Myra's arm.

"May I have this dance?" It was Roy, whose pleasant smile and polite manner had already won all the girls' hearts.

"Certainly," replied Myra, smiling.

"And don't forget, I want a lot of them," he reminded her.

"Well, it's up to you to come and get them."

"And don't think I won't. Oh look!" Myra did look. The floor was quite crowded, mostly with young folks, although here and there an older couple hopped through the waltz in their old-fashioned way. Then she saw them—Mr. Wood and Miss Marobone. They were dancing together, and first one hopped, then the other, neither seeming to notice that they were out of step, so absorbed were they in each other. Mr. Wood's head was bent because he was taller than his partner, and his face was red from the exertion of dancing, while he looked into her face and kept her giggling and tittering shyly with whatever he was saying.

"Beginning to look serious," commented Roy with a laugh. "Wonder if he ever combs that

red mop of his." For the man's fiery red hair literally stood on end; he was tieless, and his collar stood open, and every now and then he mopped his reeking brow with a red bandanna. When the dance was ended, he propelled Miss Marobone out the door to the yard, where a number of other couples were walking about, fanning themselves, for the night was hot and quiet.

"Let's go and git some lemonade," he suggested, and led her into the kitchen, where a number of the women were gossiping together about cooking and babies and children's diseases—as mothers will. When they entered, the conversation stopped, and the women looked at each other significantly and nudged each other. "Hey, Marthy Ann, got any more lemonade?" asked her brother, while Miss Marobone blushed and felt very uneasy with all those eyes upon her. "Give us a hunk o' thet cake too, will ye?" After they had their refreshments, they went out again to where a crowd was assembled before the door of the stable, where Mr. Dader and three other men were busy patching the musicians' blown-out tire tube. Then they danced a few more times, and, tired, came out and sat down on a large stone behind the barn. For a time there was silence, then:

"Say, you know, I been a-thinkin'," began Mr. Wood. "What's yer first name, anyway?"

"Claretta Theonilla Rosaline, sir," replied Miss Marobone, pleased.

(To be continued)

Daniel Morgan

MAUDE GARDNER

IN the Presbyterian Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, one of the noted and historic towns in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, is to be found the grave of one of the most picturesque figures of the long struggle for American Independence—Daniel Morgan, rough, uncouth, strong, but imbued with the fire of ardent patriotism, a man who, without education or training, rose from an humble teamster to become a great major general and to perform

efficient service in the war which brought freedom to our American forefathers.

And on one of the pretty, tree-shaded streets of this same town there still stands the old southern mansion in which the Revolutionary hero spent the last years of his life and where he died on July 6, 1802. This quaint, beautiful old home is one of the famous landmarks of Winchester and an object of interest to the many, many tourists who travel through the Shenandoah Valley, the majority of whom

make a stop at Winchester because of the historic interest connected with the town.

And this beautiful, thriving Virginia city is proud of the fact that Daniel Morgan selected this particular spot as the place to build the home of his declining years; proud that it is their soil that cradles the dust of this man who lived truly for his country, arising as he did by merits alone from a common day laborer to become a great military genius of the Revolution.

Comparatively little is known of the early life of this remarkable man, but we are told that he was born in New Jersey of Welsh parentage in 1737. He grew up in poverty and obscurity, with only the scant schooling that could be acquired at the ordinary country schools of that time. But beneath Daniel Morgan's rough exterior of rude speech and uncouth manners, there beat a heart as brave as any, and in spite of his rough environment, this boy of the backwoods scorned to do a mean thing or ever to tell an untruth.

When barely seventeen years old, he wandered South into Virginia and eventually became a wagoner for a wealthy planter of Frederick County. His wages were small, but by industry and frugality he managed to save something from his earnings and a proud day it was for the lad from New Jersey when his accumulated funds enabled him to have a team of his own. This was just at the beginning of the struggle between the French and the English in the Ohio Valley and when General Braddock marched to the fatal field of the Monongahela, his expedition was accompanied by young Daniel Morgan as a bearer of supplies.

And after Braddock's defeat, when the Indians were giving so much trouble and George Washington was sent as colonel of a thousand men to guard the frontier of two hundred and fifty miles, Daniel Morgan's duties were to carry provisions with his team to the different posts scattered along the long frontier. It was a hard task for a boy of twenty years, exposed as he was to the bitter winter weather and in constant dangers of various kinds, but the lessons which the young teamster learned in this hard school were to be of inestimable worth to him years later, for he became skilled with the rifle, familiar with Indian warfare and he

learned to endure all kinds of hardships with a patience that was worthy of emulation. It was during this time that a British officer, angry at something the young teamster said, struck him in the face with the back of his sword, and Daniel Morgan, writhing under the injustice of the humiliating act, immediately struck back, knocking the officer to the ground. And soon thereafter a court-martial sentenced the young fellow from Virginia to receive one hundred lashes on his bare back, and these the boy took without scarcely a flinch or murmur. But the officer's conscience troubled him and upon investigation he found that the charge had been an unjust one, and in the presence of the regiment he apologized—the proud British officer—to the humble teamster lad, whom he had wronged. But the memory of that humiliating punishment remained with Daniel Morgan always, and when twenty-odd years later he met in battle British soldiers in the War of the Revolution, the remembrance of that degrading scene gave strength to his arm and courage to his heart.

For when the storm cloud of the Revolution gathered thick and fast, Daniel Morgan, now a man of nearly forty, took up the patriot cause with all the zeal and fervor of his strong nature. A few days after the Battle of Bunker Hill, he received his captain's commission, and with his Virginia riflemen marched the more than six hundred miles to Boston in just three weeks, and in the fall of that same year when Benedict Arnold, then a valued officer of Washington's army, started for Quebec in command of an expedition to make an invasion into Canada to strike the enemy, Daniel Morgan and his trusted riflemen were members of the party who trudged through the unknown wilderness on one of the most daring projects that was ever proposed.

And in the siege of Quebec, when Arnold was carried wounded from the field, it was Daniel Morgan, the humble Virginia teamster, who knelt in the snow to pray for guidance as he took command of the division. Bravely he fought but against tremendous odds and in the end he was captured and made a prisoner. Realizing what a wonderful soldier this courageous man of such fine physique would make for the King's army, he was offered a colonel's

commission if he would come over to the British side, but unlike Benedict Arnold, who was later to sell his honor for British gold, Daniel Morgan indignantly replied to the English officer who made the proposition to him: "I hope, sir, you will never again insult me by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a scoundrel."

Soon after his exchange, which later occurred, he was commissioned a colonel in the Continental army, and from that time he and his rifle corps were looked upon as the right arm of Washington's forces. In a great measure the capture of Burgoyne in the fall of 1777 was due to Col. Morgan's ingenuity, but the former wagoner's greatest military glory came at the Battle of the Cowpens—that famous engagement, which has been called the "Bennington of the South." He had come South, following a long illness, to take his old place as colonel under General Greene, but after the Battle of Kings Mountain, he was promoted to Brigadier General.

With one thousand men under his command, General Morgan set about to threaten the inland posts and garrisons of the enemy and Tarleton of the English Army was sent to

crush him. It was at the Cowpens—now a town in Spartanburg County, South Carolina, and noted chiefly for the famous battle—that Daniel Morgan encamped his army on the night before the memorable engagement of January 17, 1781. Again the old teamster, realizing how superior was the force he was to meet on the morrow, took time to pray and to talk with his soldiers.

"Stand by me, boys!" said he, "and the old wagoner will crack his whip for sure over Tarleton to-morrow."

The Battle of the Cowpens was one of the most decisive engagements of the long seven years' struggle for independence and was won for the patriot army by the daring assumed by Daniel Morgan and the wonderful skill he displayed in defending it. The British loss was eight hundred, the American only seventy-two killed and wounded.

It was a great victory and the now famous general, as he rode over the battlefield after the engagement was over, and realized that a miracle almost had been accomplished for the patriot cause, broke down and cried like a child as he thanked God for the victory.

The Things that Count

ALICE E. SINCLAIR

MARY Lou O'Neill Gordon carefully examined her bejewelled white hands and sighed. True, they were lovely, soft little hands. "But how utterly useless they are," she spoke aloud in her disgust.

Mary Lou's hands had done no single, menial task in ten long years; they had never laid their lovely softness on a baby's head in motherly tenderness. Ned Gordon didn't like children.

"What! Mary Lou! kids cluttering up the house! Not much!" And there had been no little downy heads on which to lay loving white hands. Instead, Mary Lou had learned to use her beautiful hands gracefully on cards, cars, and silverware. To-morrow night, she would grace Mrs. Starr's gay New Year's banquet table, Ned, and she, and Ned's diamonds.

Mary Lou Gordon had never made a bed; she had never washed a dish, or held a broom in her hand, but Mary Lou O'Neill had. Servants did all these servile tasks now. "My wife is not to soil her hands on anything. I've plenty of money to take care of the work," Ned Gordon had declared some years ago, and he had kept his word. Later, he had proceeded to decorate his wife's little hands with precious jewels and to fill her days with heartache and sorrow, as he played and frolicked with life.

Ned Gordon's various whims and fancies were, legion; they never lasted long, but one grew into another. Tongues wagged; Mary Lou suffered silently, but Ned didn't care. There had been the blond widow he had met on their last trip abroad, the fascinating brunette in Florida, the cute little debutante in

town, and numerous others; but Mary Lou had always forgiven him, (There was nothing else to do when the offender was a Ned Gordon) and Ned had been faithful again for a time. Each episode had brought Mary Lou a bigger diamond.

Mary Lou suffered all her wrongs alone. Her pride wouldn't let her do otherwise. She had left her home ten years ago for good. It wouldn't be easy now to return, and thereby acknowledge her own mistakes. Mollie and Shane O'Neill had not approved of Ned Gordon, a man of no faith. Furthermore, Ned had refused to recognize Mary Lou's faith.

"Be married by a priest, Mr. O'Neill? I'm sorry, but it can't be done. We will have a civil ceremony or none," Ned Gordon had answered the older man.

Then, Shane O'Neill, thoroughly angry, had forbidden him to enter the house, and Mary Lou was not to see him again, but she did, one time, too many. The judge in the next county seat married them, and Mary Lou's life with her family had become a closed book, the pages of which remained unopened.

At first it hadn't mattered to Mary Lou, this giving up of family, faith, and old friends. Ned had taken the place of her mother, her father, her God; in fact, he was her life. New places, new friends, new cars, new trips, Europe, Egypt, the Orient, and Ned! "What more could any sane woman want?" she demanded of herself. "These are the things that count, and I'm enjoying them," she assured an almost wholly dormant conscience.

Five years of this excitement and Ned's whole-hearted devotion, and then back home to the states, where things began to change. Mary Lou had time to think, endless periods of time.

Ned had time to wander, and he did, each time a little farther than he had the last. Mary Lou had been easily gotten at his own price. She would be easily kept, he figured. New and younger faces interested him, and he always eased his conscience by buying Mary Lou a bigger diamond or a more expensive car than the one she had. Ned knew that she loved things, beautiful, expensive things, so he showered gifts upon her, and went on his own pleasure-loving way.

Thus it was this New Year's eve, that Mary

Lou continued to sit and look at her hands; she wore her newest gift, a brilliant white diamond. She twisted it about on her slim finger with an icy, nervous hand.

"Huh! Ned must have burned his fingers plenty this time. You're so big and hard,—just like Ned himself, all sparkling and color to behold, but cold and hard inside," she added. "The sixth one, aren't you? My pay for being a soft, silent fool, the golden-haired, sweet little wife, who never fails to welcome back her noble, erring husband." She laughed without mirth. "'Return money, no questions asked,' that's you, Mary Lou Gordon."

She didn't cry; she had passed that stage long ago. Besides, Ned might know just how much she had been hurt. Mary Lou still had her pride.

And then, because it was Sunday, church bells rang out loudly and clearly from St. Patrick's, and for some unknown reason, Mary Lou heard them for the first time in many long years, and felt an urge to heed their call.

She was at home again, getting ready to go to Sunday Vespers. She heard her mother's call, "Hurry up, Mary Lou! the bells are ringing," and the heavy tread of Shane O'Neill's feet as he strode through the room. But the dream lasted only the smallest fraction of time. Still, lives can be lived over again in a few seconds of time.

Mary Lou knew that the sound of treading feet was due to the entrance of Ned Gordon, and scornfully she told herself, "You threw it all away for a mess of pottage, and you can't expect to go back now. How do you like that, you poor blind fool?"

Being lonely, unhappy, and a woman, she let the bittersweet memories of the past get the better of her. Eagerly, she got out the few old souvenirs, that she had taken with her when she had left home. There were photographs of her parents, a bright, gay little girl handkerchief, a cheap necklace, and a few more trinkets darkened with age, wholly unlike her beautiful jewels from Ned. It was the first time that she had dared to open the box since she had tied it up long years ago, and hot scalding tears fell on its contents, and blurred her vision.

But she brushed the tears aside, and care-

fully studied the pictured faces that had once been so dear to her. Her father's fine blue eyes seemed to look into her inmost soul. As if by magic, Mary Lou seemed to hear again the last words that he had spoken to her, "The O'Neills have never been disgraced. I hope a child of mine isn't going to be the first to bring dishonor to our name."

"Oh, Dad, I've paid, and paid, and paid again. I'm sorry now," she pleaded. Tears splashed on the picture, but Mary Lou laughed again to keep up her courage. A second later, she reached for another photograph. This time, it was her mother's beautifully chisled face that smiled up at her.

Again, Mary Lou recalled a voice from yesterday. "Mary Lou, we want you to be happy, but happiness bought at such a price is not happiness for long, my dear child. Let's forget, dear. It's easier to forget than to remember after you've done the wrong thing, Mary Lou," Mollie had counselled wisely. Then she had kissed Mary Lou and left her alone.

"You were right, Mother, and just how right you were, you will never know, dear. I thought you couldn't understand, Mother, and I'm paying now. Ned pays, too, with diamonds," she ended mockingly.

Mary Lou started to close up the little pasteboard box with hands that shook ever so slightly, but the gleam of rose and gold in the far end of the box caught and held the attention of her burning eyes. "What can that be?" she asked herself, and reached her hand for it. A tarnished rosary lay in her hand in sharp contrast to the white gold of her rings. Mary Lou recoiled sharply, and threw the beads back into the box. She couldn't, wouldn't look at them. The void between herself and the things for which the rosary stood was too wide. And she, herself, by her own wilful action had been the author of that void. The years had widened it.

"It was tarnished and blackened with time and disuse—like me," she whispered in horrified tones as she put the box away.

Hastily, she dressed for dinner. "My mother gave me that rosary when I was a little girl. Mother never thought I'd let it look like that," she finished unhappily. "And me—I wonder what she'd think about me?" But Mary Lou

wouldn't let herself dwell on the answer to that question.

And as Mary Lou dressed, she fought with her memory to forget the past. "I must try out Ned's new car in the morning," she told herself.

"You used to say it every day," her memory accused her.

"I'm going to New York next week; I need a change. This awful dullness is getting on my nerves," Mary Lou argued with the small voice. "Elaine has asked me so many times."

"Your mother gave you the rose and gold one for your birthday. You were sixteen," the voice wouldn't give in.

"I'll buy me some clothes in the city." Mary Lou pulled a beautiful blue gown over her shoulders with awkward hands. "The ones I have—this one—are rags out of style," she tried again, but her blue eyes glistened with unshed tears.

"You and Teresa Collins went to Mass every morning in May. You loved it!" Mary Lou smiled as she remembered; the voice was growing stronger.

Mary Lou, her mind filled with conflicting emotions, went downstairs. Ned greeted her gayly, his handsome dark face alight with honest admiration, "Oh, hello, Good-Looking! Sweet as usual, Mary Lou. I'm a lucky dog to have a wife like you. Never saw you when you didn't look like a princess." Ned laid a tender hand on her shoulder, and Mary Lou knew that he had wandered far again. "Perhaps, too far this time," she decided, as she turned away from his caressing hand.

"Lucky's the proper word, Ned. I never have asked you questions, have I? But—well—who is she this time, Ned?" Mary Lou's laughter was not pleasant to the ear.

"Who is who? Are you trying to be funny at my expense?" Half angrily, half in jest, Ned Gordon demanded, but his friendly mood had passed.

"No, not at all. I just wondered what new siren you had met. All the signs are here. But never mind me, Ned. I'm used to it. And," she laughed again scornfully, "look what I get—diamonds! Just diamonds! I can't, even, keep my self-respect. Fool, that I was, I expected more from you, Ned." And at his dark-

ening scowl, "You promised beautiful things once when you thought you wanted me," Mary Lou tried a peace offering, of a kind.

Ned Gordon's dark face was no longer handsome. "Hell! What more do you want? Haven't I given you everything?" he demanded harshly. "Getting awfully edgy all at once, Mary Lou. You were d— glad to get my money once. You didn't hesitate to—well, you married me," he had the grace to stop with that.

Mary Lou's face went white, white with the sting of all that Ned's words implied. "Yes, say it, Ned. I gave up everything worth while for you. I was young and silly enough to think love was all that mattered, and that's gone long ago. It wasn't your money. I hate everything it has meant to me. These jewels, this house, everything in it, even you!" She was trying to hurt, but she knew that her attempt was futile.

"All right, Mary Lou, have it your way. But you were anxious enough once. Just what are you going to do about it?" Ned questioned with a maddening calmness. "You can't live without money, my dear," he taunted cruelly. "You never have, you know."

"Do! What can I do? I—Oh, I wish I had never seen you," she finished passionately.

"So do I," he answered with deliberate malice. "We're even there. A happy New Year, Mrs. Gordon! I'm going out to my dinner." With a bow of mockery and disgust, Ned left the room, and a door banged loudly.

Mary Lou's world crashed in pieces about her with the banging of that door. But there was a way out of it all. She would go before it was too late. She went up to her room, food untasted and forgotten. What could she take with her? Her things? They were beautiful, lovely things, but they didn't bring to her beautiful, lovely memories.

Mary Lou hunted again for the little cardboard box, the one that contained the rose and gold rosary. Lovingly, she packed it in her bag with a few personal belongings that she had to have. She placed her diamonds in a sparkling little heap on Ned's dresser. She left her lovely gowns hanging in the closets. She wrote a note, and was gone in her own car, the only gift from Ned that she could take with her.

Early the next morning, Ned came home with red roses for Mary Lou. He was ready to be forgiven once more. It had never been difficult to buy forgiveness in the past. He didn't expect it to be hard this time, good old Mary Lou. But all he found was a little white note and his diamonds.

The note read, as follows: "Dear Ned—It has all been my fault as much as yours. I am leaving for good. I can't believe you will mind very much. Anyway, no man's love, however, great, is worth a woman's soul. I've never had the things that count with you. Your diamonds are on the dresser.—Mary Lou."

Ned Gordon had thrown his peace offering of roses aside a moment before. Now, Mary Lou's pitiful little note went the way of the roses. Both lay in one crumpled heap, as Ned picked up his diamonds. "The things that count, she said, 'I've never had the things that count,'" his brain seemed numb. "I wonder what she meant by that?"

Hard and cold, flashing and beautiful in the clear morning light, the diamonds lay in his hands, but they held no beauty for Ned Gordon. Mary Lou was gone. "Gone to find something better," he knew, and he felt terribly lonely and somehow cruelly cheated. Cheated of something he hadn't wanted until he couldn't have it.

And because, she was gone, Ned Gordon wanted Mary Lou more than he had ever wanted anything in his entire, spoiled, selfish life. Wanting Mary Lou made him think.

Why hadn't he done what she wanted all these years he asked himself. "I've made her life a hell of things—things she didn't want—while I've played about, and killed my own chance for happiness in a madlike hunt for things I haven't really wanted," he reasoned in self-disgust.

Looking about, he saw that she had left all these things, her beautiful things, to mock him in his misery and hurt. There were her diamonds in all their sparkling glory, but Mary Lou was gone.

Then, "Maybe it was me she wanted after all. I'm going to find you Mary Lou. I'm going to help you find the things you want. You don't know it, but I'm starting now," and Ned began

(Continued on page 378)

The Fitzes of Fire Island

F. H. SWEET

(Concluded)

"**A**HOY! Ahoy on board!" yelled Fitzy, raising his voice to be heard above the wind. A shadowy head appeared at the rail, and a moment later a rope dropped beside the boat. Fitzy caught it and went up hand over hand, swinging himself over the rail. There was no need to look after the scooter; with its sail down it could not drift away.

As he reached the deck, a dozen men surrounded him.

"How did you get here?" "What sort of contrivance do you call that down on the ice?" demanded one who apparently was the captain, and another officer, in a breath.

"I came on the contrivance—a scooter," answered Fitzy, wondering a little at the questions.

"But how?" persisted the captain. "We attempted to leave the vessel, but the first man who stepped on the ice broke through. I would not suppose that thing offered enough surface to bear it up, and there must be open cracks in such soft ice."

"A scooter will cross anything, good ice and slush and open water," said Fitzy, a little impatiently. Then he recollected. "But I beg your pardon, sir," he hastened to add. "I have heard that scooters are peculiar to Fire Island, and not known to other parts of the world. You'll see how it works in a few minutes when we start out. How is the vessel?"

"Sinking. She will hardly keep up two hours, and we have nearly three hundred passengers. Do you know whether any boats are trying to reach us?"

"We tried in boats, but couldn't force our way through the ice," replied Fitzy, his face anxious. "Seven of us started in scooters then, but six are on the way back with people they found on the ice. They cannot be here under an hour, perhaps two."

"And you are all we have to depend on, then?" The captain leaned over the rail again, looking down at the schooner despairingly.

"That affair will be no help to us," he groaned. "It is a wonder how it even held up a boy. What do you advise?" turning to his officers. "I have never been caught by ice before, and have no experience with it. This is too soft to bear us up, and too thick for the passage of a boat. What shall we do?"

"Have you any light, broad-surface rafts, such as are carried by some vessels to be used in case of wreck?" demanded Fitzy quickly; "and—yes, some extra sailcloth, or bagging—but never mind that, though. You can tear up the carpets in the cabin."

"We have spare carpets, rolled. But why—?"

"Have them dropped overboard, flat," cried Fitzy. "Hurry! The ice isn't so soft but it will bear up a good deal if spread over considerable surface. And I notice you have rafts yonder—"

"Yes, but they seemed useless on ice. We did not—"

"Get them over at once, and I'll work them out far enough with my scooter so they won't be swamped when the vessel goes down. Then we'll spread sails and carpets over the ice between, and they will hold it together enough for everybody to cross if they go carefully and not very close to each other. It will be pretty rough out there on the rafts in this storm, but it's the only way. My scooter won't carry more than three, and though the shore on this side isn't very far, it will take me fifteen or twenty minutes to go there and come. I couldn't save many from the boat, but out there on the rafts I think every one can be rescued. Even if they're so crowded as to break through the ice it won't matter much, so long as they're not heavy enough to sink in the water. That's right," as a dozen or more men came hurrying across the deck with one of the rafts. "Now lower it down carefully so you won't break the ice; we haven't any time for delays. I'll take it off five or six rods with my scooter, and you lower the other rafts just as fast as you can;

then throw down all the sails and carpets you can get. Hurry!"

A half hour later Fitzy was on the way to the shore with his first load, leaving the captain and his officers hurrying the passengers over the side of the vessel. When he came back for his fourth load, he found the other scooters there, transferring women and children from the rafts.

It was nearly two hours later when the vessel, with a sudden lurch and long, gurgling gasp, dropped down into her watery grave. But she took no human freight. All the passengers and crew had crossed the carpeted ice to the rafts, and more than half of them transferred from the rafts to the shore. The last woman to leave was one Fitzy had noticed several times as he loaded his craft with women and children. She had been conspicuous among them, encouraging and helping, and insisting that all the weaker ones should leave the rafts before herself.

Now, as he swung his scooter alongside, she came straight to him, assisting a tall, powerfully built man, whose pale face and languid air proclaimed him an invalid. As Fitzy saw him he caught his breath sharply, and made a motion as though to spring forward. Except for his pale face and slightly stooping shoulders the man seemed an exact counterpart of his father.

"Can you take us on your—your scooter?" the lady asked, with an amused accent on the word 'scooter.' "I have noticed you a number of times, and like your way of doing things. We will be very glad if you can take us."

"Thank you, and I shall be glad, too," answered Fitzy heartily. "I have been hoping that you would be my passenger. I—I noticed you a number of times, too, and liked your way of doing things."

The lady laughed as he reached out to assist her, but motioned to the man to take his place first. Then she allowed him to place her in the scooter.

"It seems a case of mutual liking," she said, as she watched him jib his craft into the wind and grasp the tiller. "But I think I was as much attracted by your resemblance to my brother-in-law here and to my husband as to your way of doing things. They used to do

things in much the same manner, long ago," her eyes moving far away in their gaze and her voice wistful.

Fitzy looked at her sympathetically. There was trouble in the voice, deep down and made tender and mellow and wistful by the years, Fitzy felt, though he could not have put the thought into words. He busied himself with the sail and tiller, keeping his gaze away from her. His life had never been touched by a woman's love, and with that wistfulness quivering in her voice he felt awkward and constrained.

"It seems strange," she went on, presently, "that after all these years I should come back and be wrecked again at almost the very place where they were lost."

"Constance," said the man gently.

"Yes, I know what you would say, brother. But you needn't fear. I have schooled myself to the first great grief—else I never could have come here again, as I have been wanting to so many years. I shall not break down. I owe that much to you, who have been so good in taking this long journey just to indulge my whim. I—I think I will be ready to go back on the next boat and live out the rest of my life quietly."

Her gaze returned to Fitzy wistfully, with tears in her eyes, though her lips were smiling.

"You are very young for such work and danger, my boy," she said.

Fitzy had been wanting to say something comforting, but had not known how. "I'm fourteen," he answered, "and most of my time has been spent on the water. There isn't nearly so much danger as people think, or, if there is, one gets used to it and doesn't mind. You—you spoke of being wrecked here twice," trying to make his voice reassuring, "but there isn't the least bit of danger now. I'll have you on shore in five minutes, and then there's a railroad station only a few miles away. It's a lonesome place, and you'll have to wait several hours for a train, and be in the rain. After that there won't be any more trouble."

"I was not thinking of the danger and trouble, my boy, but of other things," she returned. "And I shall not forget you and your scooter after I go back home. But you must tell me

your name, so I can feel that I know you more personally."

"It's Fitzy," he replied. "My father is named Fitz, so they call me Fitzy."

"For Fitzhugh, or Fitzroy, or Fitzpatrick, I suppose?" she said. "There are so many Fitz prefixes."

"No'm; it's Fitzgerald."

"Why! really!" with a pleased look on her face. "What a coincidence, to be saved by a Fitzgerald. That is my name. What is the rest?"

"Fernald," simply. "But we never use that around here. We are just Fitz and Fitzy. Our real names, though, are the same, Fernald Fitzgerald."

The lady had half risen, a startled look of inquiry in her eyes. But the man drew her back gently. "We have many kinsfolk over here," he said, "and Fernald is a common family name. It is an odd coincidence; but not at all remarkable, or rather impossible, I might say."

The scooter grated upon the beach, and there were willing hands to help them out. But as the lady went forward to inquire after some of the women and children, the gentleman turned quickly back to Fitzy.

"It is a remarkable coincidence about our names—an astounding one, I might say," he began hurriedly. "I did not wish my sister-in-law to get excited. She has been through a great deal. Now, what sort of a man is your father? Does he—he—" The gentleman hesitated, seeming at a loss for words, adding rather inconsequently: "The men around here drink a good deal, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, some of them."

"Of course, of course. Most seafaring men do. And your father—"

Fitzy's shoulders squared and his eyes blazed.

"My father never drank anything stronger than water," he burst out, "not even coffee. All the other men at the station, when they come back from a wreck chilled and exhausted, take something to revive and strengthen them, but my father would never touch a drop, and he does more work than any of them."

"I beg your pardon, my boy; no harm was meant," the gentleman hastened to say. "I—I

was half-expecting, half hoping for a—a miracle." There was keen disappointment in his face and voice. He was moving away, but turned to add: "I was thinking of a man I once knew, one of the best men that God ever made, I believe, except for this failing. He was a hard drinker—a perfect sot at times, to be accurate. And once, when the greatest duty that can come to a man's life met him, he was helpless, and—and those he loved were drowned. But no disrespect was meant to your father, my boy. Very likely he is a cousin or something of ours. I shall want to talk with you again before we leave."

The next morning, as they were separating at the station in New York, the lady turned to Fitzy, giving him her card.

"I want you to come and see me at the hotel this evening," she said. "I shall be out until then. I only expect to remain here a day or two, and must utilize every moment. As soon as the hospital is open to visitors I am going to see your father. He must be a brave man from what you have told me, and I have a warm feeling for brave men, and for all who have to do with the sea. Now do not fail me. Come this evening."

Ten minutes after the hospital was open to visitors, Fitzy was sitting by his father's cot. The boy's eyes were blinded by tears.

"I—I didn't suppose it was anything like this, father," he choked. "Mr. Briggs didn't say anything about you losing an arm, and the right arm too. O father!"

But his father had raised himself slightly upon the pillow, and now his left arm slid across to where the right arm had been and touched an empty sleeve with an odd look of exulting content upon his strong face.

"Do not think of it as bad, Fitzy," he said gently. "I was never more full of determination in my life than I am just now. I had expected to lose both legs in addition to the arm, but they had been saved and will be as sound as ever. Soon I can go out again as a strong man among strong men, to go on with my work. Sometimes, Fitzy, I used to think but for you I would be glad to give up the struggle, the waiting seemed so long and dreary. But that weakness has all been put aside. Now my

(Continued on page 378)

?

KWEERY KORNER

?

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

DEAR READERS:

KWEERY KORNER, with this issue of THE GRAIL, enters upon its fifth year. It is entirely in place that the editor who answers your many and varied questions should take this occasion to extend to all his readers and questioners the very best wishes for a truly Happy New Year. May Almighty God shower upon you all His choicest blessings during the coming year is the prayer and wish of

Your editor,

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B.

NOTE:—Readers of KWEERY KORNER will observe that beginning the New Year we will no longer add to the various questions the name of the city from which they are received. Various good reasons and the part of prudence have prompted this departure and we trust all will understand that the change has been inaugurated for the benefit of all concerned.

NOTE:—The questioner from Fairhaven, Mass., should please write to the Rev. Edmund J. Ward, 394 Highland Ave., Fall River, Mass., for the desired information.

From what name is the pet term Flossie derived? Is it a Saint's name?

Flossie may be a variant of two different names, Flora or Florence. Since both are Saints, in order to determine your patroness correctly you would have to consult your baptismal record and see which name was given you at that time.

What church has claimed the most of our Presidents and did all of our Presidents belong to some particular church?

The Episcopalian church claims the largest number of our Presidents and two of our Presidents belonged to no particular church.

Can a priest bless an Agnus Dei?

The Pope is the only one who blesses an Agnus Dei. At the present time they are blessed the first year of the Pope's reign and then every seventh year thereafter on the Wednesday of Easter week.

Is it wrong for a Catholic girl, suffering from a social disease brought on by sin, to marry?

You will do well to take your case both to a reputable Catholic physician and to your confessor. Without detailed information concerning your case, it is impossible for the editor of this column to answer your question.

When was Saint Margaret Mary canonized?

She was canonized by Pope Benedict XV in 1920.

Is the author of the hymn "Stabat Mater" known?

The beautiful "Stabat Mater" was composed by a Franciscan friar, Giacomone da Todi in the thirteenth century.

Which one of the Saints bears the title of the "Trophy-bearers"?

That title has been given to Saint George, whose feast occurs on April 23rd.

A religious once remarked to an unmarried woman, "Get married, do not waste your life." This girl was living a useful life in the home. Was the nun right?

Before commenting on your question the editor would wish to be sure whether or not the nun referred to here really made the remark and, if so, whether she fully understood all the circumstances of the case. In all reverence for the sisters of various communities, and three of your editor's sisters are religious, we wish to state that the pastor or the confessor is the one to advise in the matter of vocation.

Who was the first American Cardinal?

Cardinal John McCloskey of New York was the first American Cardinal. He was raised to that dignity by Pope Pius IX in 1875.

When going to confession is it necessary to mention how often you have received Holy Communion since your last confession?

No.

What is understood by the term "Gallicanism" in the Church?

By the term "Gallicanism" is meant a false nationalism in religion which would restrict the authority of the Holy See in favor of local and national churches.

Is there any special way in which a rosary should be held whilst reciting the prayers?

No, there is nothing specified as to the manner in which the beads should be held whilst reciting the rosary, further than the general rule that they should be handled in a manner becoming the reverence demanded at prayer.

Is Thelma a permissible name for a Catholic girl to take in Confirmation?

Yes, it may be used. Thelma is the shortened form of Anthelma, the feminine form of Anthelmus. The feast of Saint Anthelmus is celebrated on June 26th.

Is it a mortal sin to attend a dance on Sunday evening?

In this matter you will please consult your own pastor. There are so many circumstances to be considered in this matter and many of them purely local, that your safety in the affair will best be consulted by following the advice of your own pastor.

How many candles must be kept burning during the Forty Hours' Devotion?

At least twenty. As many more may be added as circumstances permit.

How many Litanies may be used publicly in the church?

There are five Litanies which are approved for use in the public services of the church. They are: of the Saints; of the Blessed Virgin; of the Holy Name; of the Sacred Heart and of Saint Joseph.

Which is your Patron Saint—the one whose name you were given in Baptism or the one whom you chose for Confirmation?

Fortunately, both are your Patron Saints. However, the Saint whose name you received in Baptism is considered your principal Patron, whilst the Saint of Confirmation is a secondary Patron.

In the chapel of the school I attend, one of the windows bears the figure of a triangle with a large eye in the center. May I ask what that represents?

The figure you refer to is often used as a symbol of the Trinity and of the all-seeing eye of God.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

JANUARY DAYS

And now that the holidays are over, everybody is busy getting down to hard study for first semester examinations. The snow is flying, and the cold keeps the youngsters indoors, but that gives them a chance to apply themselves more to their books. Everyone wants to make a good showing, and all are ready to work hard now, after the merriment and good times of the happy Christmas and New Year holidays. All three missions have taken in more children this year, and little by little, are trying to enlarge their premises, so that more may be admitted each year.



GRANDMA TACANCEGA WIN (HER DRUM)
TANNING A HIDE

What a beautiful and holy work it is, to go out and uplift and help poor neglected people, who otherwise would be dragging out a miserable, unhappy existence with hardly enough to eat, no knowledge of God, and no training for their children, for the Government schools are full, and were it not for our Catholic missions, many Indian children would receive no education at all. Besides that, the discipline in the Government schools is often lax, and when some of the children come from these schools to the Catholic mission they prove to be wild and untrained.

But the good missionaries do not mind the trouble and the difficulties and the hardships; these are their joy, for, as the poem goes, "Who does God's work, Will get God's pay," and if our Lord promised a reward to one who gives his neighbor a cup of cold water, what will He not give to those who have taken their neighbor in bodily, clothed him, fed him, and educated him? For in every little Indian child they see Christ Himself. "Whatsoever you have done to the least of these my little ones, you have done to Me."

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

This fast-growing mission has taken in three hundred children this year, and the Sisters ransacked every drawer, shelf, and locker in the institution to find clothing and shoes enough to go around. Then came calls from other departments—"We haven't enough desks in the classroom," "we haven't enough tables in the dining room," and "we need more chairs," and "we are short on dishes too." Some of the children had to sit on boxes, and all sorts of other makeshifts had to do.

So Father Sylvester and his brother took the trucks and went to Sioux City and Omaha to look up some bargains in second-hand furniture. Several truck loads were bought, and Anton, the mission carpenter and his Indian boy helpers then got busy and went over every piece, repairing, sandpapering, varnishing, until everything looked like new. But of course, all these things have to be paid for, so don't forget that little monthly mite that will help to keep things going and the bills paid.

Another little motherless baby of twelve months has been taken in; it is a full-blooded Sioux and his name is Johnny Thunder Horse. His mother died of tuberculosis and no one knows where his father is. He was crying and sick when the nurse received him, but after he was cleaned up and nicely dressed in fresh clothing, his little face broke out into a wide smile, showing that he felt better already, and appreciated what was done for him.

Brother January worked hard in his garden last summer, and in spite of the grasshoppers, which ate up a good bit of the crop, he managed to save two wagon loads of pumpkins, enough cabbage for three

barrels of sauer kraut, a wagon load of beets, three barrels of cucumbers, and fourteen bushels of rutabagas. There were almost a hundred bushels of tomatoes and five or six hundred bushels of potatoes; that may seem a lot, but Father figures he will have to buy about four hundred bushels more of potatoes to last out the season.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

Father Ambrose writes: "Father Damian and I face a winter of arctic temperature with numerous and urgent needs confronting us for fuel, clothing, groceries, school supplies, and many other items calling for an expenditure of no small amount of money. This would be a very daring position to be in, even in normal times, but now, when our friends are enveloped in the gloom of depression, and funds are low, it seems almost an impossible undertaking. However, the children are here, one hundred and forty of them, and they must be taken care of, come what may. We feel that beyond the clouds, God still reigns, and as He has prompted these little ones to come to our protection, He will not fail to find ways and means to provide for their care. The biggest part of a missionary's assets is blind trust in Divine Providence. If he did not trust in God and go right ahead with his plans, he would get nowhere at all.

"We are very far behind in our payments on very urgent and recent improvement. The water system has been partly completed, and the same may be said of the lighting and power plant. We have only about one half of the amount necessary to meet the expense of these improvements. In order to open the school, we had to borrow money. Only the desperate condition of the Indian children can offer an excuse for engaging in such an enterprise with no money in sight. We must dare for their sakes. I know that if our readers could come out and see for themselves the plight of the Indian people, their hearts would melt with pity."

We print a picture of Grandma Tacancega tanning a cow hide, an art that the Indians are fast losing. Only a few of the older women know how to tan a hide properly.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Here is a very interesting letter from Father Justin: "We have 227 children in school this year; their needs are many, and because of hard times, response to our appeals has fallen off very, very much. Since we have a new kitchen in the building just completed, a kitchen shower would come in very handy. We could use a lot of new pots and pans and every kind of utensil. A stocking shower would solve a real problem for us, since it is very hard to keep so many children in hose. We bought seventy beds for the new dormitory, and Sister has not enough sheets to go around. The beds are three foot, six inches wide, and anyone who could send us some sheeting would be doing us a real favor. Regular unbleached muslin sheeting is the kind used.

"This year we got our children from all directions.

Our trucks went to the far-off Sisseton Reservation twice, and one truck went a third time. We have nearly 110 children from there. It is a real trial to know how to supply their needs. Most of them have practically nothing of their own, and so we must furnish it all. We would be very grateful for some carrots and other vegetables that are so good for children, as we want to feed all the vitamins we can to our undernourished Indian kiddies.

"We have one very tiny boy, who is the pet of the school. Jerry Paul Muggins is his name and he is just three years old. It is a delight to see how he responds to the training of the Sisters, and what a lovable little lad he really is. A kind friend sent him a tricycle, and we shall send a picture of him riding on it, very soon.

"Father Fintan is deeply interested in the missions, and finds many cases of poverty, which are a real revelation to him, since he is not used to seeing such absolutely destitute cases as we have here, and if he had not seen them himself, I fear he would not have believed them to be so bad."

Let us all work for that shower that Father Justin needs. Those who would like to send kitchen utensils, may help with the kitchen shower: Send pots, saucepans, skillets, bake pans, baking sheets for cookies, Dutch ovens, double boilers, long cook spoons, long-handled forks, paring knives, butcher knives, spatulas, coffee, sugar and tea cans, table knives and forks, teaspoons and tablespoons, dishes of all kinds. The counter of your favorite store will help suggest other things. Let us make this a real "thunderstorm" of nice new articles for the Sister and the girls who work in the kitchen, so they can throw out all the old leaky pots and stop patching them up.

Those who would rather send stockings, may be able to find good bargain sales in which children's stockings are featured—any kind, black, white, tan, golf, etc. The plain-ribbed-cotton kind, small ones and large sizes for the older girls. Don't forget socks for the older boys too. Stores are teeming with sales these days. If every reader sent two or three pairs, Father Justin would not have to worry for awhile, and Sister would not have to wear out her eyes and fingers, trying to "make something out of nothing."

THOSE WHO SENT PACKAGES

L. Klinker, Phila., Pa.; N. Reilly, N. Y. C.; Mrs. Trapp, Cinti., O.; Mary Tumminello, New Orleans; Mrs. T. Kelly, Chicago; Mrs. Du Puy, N. Y. C.; Mrs. M. McGee, Indianapolis; Mrs. T. J. Seiler, Minneapolis; Mrs. B. T. Morley, Wilmington, Del.

E. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. Mary Hillenmeyer, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis; Mrs. J. J. Burke, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Mrs. W. Reilley, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Clara E. Haarmeyer, Buffalo; Mrs. Sweetman, St. Paul; Mrs. Mame McAleer, Altoona, Pa.; Donor, Buffalo; Mrs. E. J. Eder, Crown Point, Ind.; Miss Mary Weigand, Dover, Ohio; Catherine Meyer, Detroit. Send old gold, broken jewelry to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



THE REAL NEW YEAR

Some one made a great mistake placing New Year's day

In the dead of winter when it should have come in May—

May, when fruit trees burst in bloom, show'ring pink and white,

Like a glimpse of fairyland, blooming overnight.

May, when early butterflies, small and blond and neat, Flutter in the gaudy green of the early wheat;

When each hillside we have known silent, gaunt and bare

Is athrob with blooming flowers, growing everywhere.

May, when at the break of dawn birds begin to sing Wonder songs of faith and love, welcoming the spring; When they build their nests all day in the fern-clad trees,

And the perfumed breath of flowers hangs in every breeze.

May, when every sunkist road winding out of town Sings to us from early morn till the sun goes down, With the siren song of spring's woodsy dells and flowers,

Hungry fish and mossy banks—care-free happy hours.

Some one made a queer mistake placing New Year's day

In the dead of winter, when it should have come in May When all Nature wakes and smiles at the touch of spring

When the world with one accord lifts its voice to sing.

—Martha Coleman Sherman.

PUTTING THE BABY JESUS TO BED

There are many quaint customs in some of the ancient Catholic lands across the sea. Some of these customs, of which many of us have never heard, have been brought along from Europe to America, especially where many of the same nationality have settled in colonies. Quite naturally, therefore, we should expect to find such customs in South America, Central America, and in Mexico, for it was principally Spanish Portuguese who took possession of these countries. Many descendants of Catholic Spain are to be found also in the United States, particularly in the Southwest, although there are colonies in other parts of the country too.

Catechist Blanche Richardson, of the Society of Missionary Catechists, a society that was founded only a few years ago to save the little children of these people to the Catholic faith, writes very interestingly in *The Missionary Catechist* of a touching Christmas ceremony that is kept in the Southwest.

The language of these people is Spanish. In this tongue they call the ceremony that is explained below "Acostado del Niño." Quite literally this means "putting the Infant (Jesus) to bed," but, from the holy season in which it takes place, you will quite rightly guess that it has something to do with placing the figure of the Infant Jesus into the Crib. With these people it is a religious ceremony. Now let the Catechist tell all about it herself.

"The solitary horseman heaved a sigh of satisfaction as he came in sight of the white-walled adobe houses of San José. The little village, with its twin-towered mission church nestled against a long chain of sierras (the first meaning of *sierra* is 'saw,' but here it means a chain of mountain peaks that appear similar to the teeth of a saw) which pierced the sky with greater or lesser peaks. Rifts of white clouds were lifting themselves out of the dark-blue hollows of the jagged cliffs like steam rising out of an old iron kettle.

"In the village there was intense activity. The beehive ovens gave forth a delicious aroma which was evidence enough that it was the eve of a big feast. At midnight the church bells would again announce the glad tidings of the Savior's birth.

"Doña Elena, wife of the distinguished Gregorio, whom we have just seen returning from a day's journey on horseback, intrusted the feast-day baking to a servant, and was seated at a small table in the living room where a thick log, burning in a small *fogón* (hearth), radiated a cheerful atmosphere. She was signing the last of a heap of postcards bearing the picture of the Holy Child on one side, and on the other the inscription: 'Feliz Pascua de Navidad (Happy Feast of the Nativity, or, Merry Christmas) from Don Gregorio and Spouse.' These were to be souvenirs of an extra-liturgical ceremony to take place just before the midnight Mass, in which Don Gregorio and Doña Elena were to be the central figures.

"This ceremony, known as 'Acostado del Niño,' (which has been explained above), has long been a custom in San José. Each year the parish priest appoints some distinguished couple in the parish to act as *padrinos*, 'sponsors,' for the occasion. The ceremony consists of a short procession from the main

altar to the Christmas Crib. The sponsors, who have the privilege of carrying in their arms the image of the Infant Jesus, lead. They are followed by a number of altar boys dressed in red cassocks and glistening white surplices, and carrying candles. At the end of the procession walks the celebrant, vested in cope. The choir sings verses of Christmas hymns and the entire congregation joins the chorus. On arriving at the Crib, the priest takes the *Bambino* (Italian for 'babe') from the arms of the padrinos and places it in the manger between the kneeling figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

"The sponsors usually give a goodly sum as their Christmas offering to the church on this occasion. After midnight Mass the congregation calls at the house of the sponsors where they are served a light refreshment and receive a souvenir of some kind commemorating the happy event.

"At the close of the Christmas season a ceremony similar to the one described above takes place. It is known as 'La Levantada del Niño,' (which means, the 'raising or lifting of the Infant (Jesus), from the Crib). This brings to a fitting close the various observances connected with Christmas. The simple ceremony of 'La Levantada' takes place on the evening of Epiphany, January 6 (feast of the Three Holy Kings, or, Little Christmas). The Infant is removed from the manger, and the Crib, with all its trimmings, is taken down and put away until the festive season returns again."

ARBORITIS

On Christmas morn we had a tree
For Anthony's young sake;
We trimmed it so that he might see
It when he should awake.

Our Christmas tree was far from big;
In sum, the tree was small.
He gazed upon each tinsel twig,
Each tiny tinny ball.

It cost a dollar eighty-four
That tiny tree so trim,
So haply it looked sickly, or
Unverdantlike to him.

Not like our maple and our beech
That experts keep from harm;
Not like the apple tree and peach
That flourish on our farm.

He gazed upon it nine or ten
Minutes a little glum,
And turned to me and asked me, "When
Will the Bartlett tree-man come?"

—F. P. A.

A POLLY SAVES THE MISSION

Because the parrot may be taught to scream: "Polly wants a cracker!" or some other words, we are accustomed to say that parrots can talk. As a matter of fact the parrot merely imitates the sounds that it

hears. Even the mocking bird can imitate other birds, and the catbird too.

The writer recalls an instance long years ago when he once rapped at the door of a house in the city. A voice from the rear called out: "Come in!" Following the advice given, he went to the rear door, where he saw no one, but a polly was resting on a perch near by. The lady of the house was evidently absent.

Perhaps you read in the papers only a few weeks ago how a parrot saved the Mission of San Juan Capistrano out in California from destruction by fire. During the night a fire broke out. By its screams the parrot woke the housekeeper, and she in turn called for help. While considerable damage was done, the mission was saved—by a parrot.

"A TRIBUTE TO THE DAFFODILS"

MARIA GRACIA

When Winter comes up in our hills
We forget the daffodils
That in the Summer were so gay
Nodding and laughing all the day.

Their golden heads are now dull brown
And you can't tell them from the ground,
But this to me is the wondrous thing,
They'll be back with us next Spring!

Not all Winter's icy cold
Nor the frenzy of his blast
Will keep them buried in the mould;
They'll return with colors fast
And we'll see them laughing on our hills—
What lovely things are daffodils!

Then why should Death be an ugly thing
For you and you and me
When we shall hear the angels sing
With joyous harmony?

What if we go down in the earth so bare,
The daffodils do the same;
We are still in His loving care—
(Hallowed be His name).

Truly has the poet said:
"My heart with rapture fills"
For I shall not be really dead,
But sleeping with the daffodils!

LOST VOCATIONS

We shall never know just how many vocations are lost to the religious life until that great day when all will be made plain. However, we do know that many vocations are lost because of lack of encouragement.

The Catholic home is the nursery for the religious life. The Catholic parents, the good example, the co-operation of loved ones, augment and intensify the work of the priests and Sisters. But it is the transplanting of the tender young shoots to institutions of higher learning that perfect the growth of the religious vocation. There must be a foreshadowing of vocation

in early life, but there must also be encouragement, and above all the spirit of sacrifice that will suffer all and do all to bring the religious life to flower.

Second only to the lack of encouragement by substantial assurance that they will be "seen through their schooling," is the antagonistic attitude towards the higher life in too many Catholic homes, the scandal given children by the unbridled tongues of their elders who criticize the clergy upon every and all occasions.

The spirit of the times, if it is allowed to color the lives of the young and invade the Catholic home, making family prayer an object of derision, will not be conducive to religious vocations. Prayer, sacrifice, co-operation are all prime requisites to prepare the field for vocations.—Exchange.

MARCH OF SCIENCE

Mastoids, sinuses, and such
Bother children overmuch:
Sphenoids, ethmoids, frontals, and
Ears are hard to understand:
In the happy days of old
Children merely got a cold,
But a common cold is dull
And the fee is nominal.

—Wilfred J. Funk.

GIFTS, AND A STAR

It is narrated that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem. His star, they said, they had seen in the East, and they were come to worship him. And Herod sent them to Bethlehem, where they were to search diligently for the young child. "And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

Of such is Christmas: The following by wise men of a star; the worship of Him who gave us stars to follow and of the Savior who came to teach us the way; and the giving of gifts to children—children great or small, children young or children silvered by time.

The star that led wise men of old to the manger where the spirit of love and kindness and mercy lay cradled shines as bright to-day as then and guides as surely to the same destination. The worship of that spirit is the evidence and the revealing of the highest and truest wisdom to which it is possible for humanity to attain. And the giving of gifts is at once its symbol and its manifestation. Whether it be gold and frankincense and myrrh, or dolls and rocking horses, or books and pictures, or furs and jewels and motor cars, or bread and meat and potatoes, all gifts in the end, if the loving heart of the giver go with them, are the same. They are part of himself and something born of his brain and brawn and sweat, something made fine and beautiful by his unselfish desire to give, out of his own

store, happiness to others. And, in the teeth of all the Old Scrooges and human comptometers on earth be it said, the wisest of giving, in the light of the radiance of the manger, is that which is so prodigal, so bountiful, so self-sacrificial, that no sage of any counting room would sanction it. Not many of us are so fortunate as to be touched by that spirit, not many would have the courage to respond freely to its impulse. It builds no Pittsburghs, amasses no mountains of earthly treasure, our modern civilization could not have come from it. But if there be anything of value and truth in the ideals we profess and that are somewhat in evidence at the Christmas season, he that has it is thrice blessed.

Whether, however, it be in great degree or small, there are few of us, on this Christmas day, who will not be giving something of ourselves, making some sacrifice of self, if only in the way of habit and convenience, for the good of others—and doing it because we want to do it. And that is at once the root and the heart of the religion, and of the ethical system, that had its lowly human origin in the stable which the wise men followed a star to find.

Just in proportion as we follow that same star to-day, and through all the other days of the year, we may hope to be as wise as they were.—Exchange.

A CHRISTMAS EVE DREAM

Little Willie did not wish to go to bed. He was lying on the rug in front of the fireplace looking up at the Christmas tree gay with colored balls and with long strings of popcorn and red cranberries.

He knew that when he woke up in the morning there would be loads of presents on the tree and he wanted to stay awake a little longer, just to see if Santa really did come down the chimney.

Again he heard Mother, "It's time to go to bed, Willie. Mother turned down the covers, and your bed is lonesome for you, I know."

I am sorry to tell you that Willie did something dreadful. He kicked his heels against the floor and said, "I don't like my bed! Horrid old bed! I wish it would go away and never come back!"

Just then the doorbell rang and mother went to answer it.

Willie rolled over, looked at the pretty Christmas tree again, wondered about Santa Claus, and the star in the sky over the stable, and if the Baby was very cold, and then his eyes grew all blurry. His eyelids just wouldn't stay up as he wanted them.

The next thing he heard a noise! Thump! Bump! Thump! Something white went past the door! Yes!—No!—Yes! It was his bed! Right out the door it went. Then he listened. Clump! Thump! On it went until the sound died away.

Pretty soon mother came and said, "Willie, wake up! You'll catch cold. You must go to bed, or Santa Claus won't come at all."

"I can't go to bed!" sobbed Willie. "I called my nice bed bad names and it went away."

"If your bed comes back will you say you are sorry?" asked mother.

"Come back, nice bed, I love you." The lights were blinking and Willie was not sure whether he was awake or not. He thought he heard a door open. Yes! Thump! Clump! Thump! Surely that was his bed. Mother shook him gently placing him on his feet. Then she guided him into his own little room.

"Nice Bed!" Willie said as he slipped to his knees beside it murmuring,

"Little Infant Jesus,
Bless my work and play;
For all the love I give You,
Keep me good to-day."

LETTER BOX

A good way to begin the New Year is by turning THE CORNER over to the LETTER BOX. Perhaps if we suggest a topic for composition, we shall receive so many letters there will not be room for all.

Recently Father Abbot Ignatius Esser, from the home of THE GRAIL in Indiana, honored THE CORNER office in Nebraska with his presence, and in talking over business matters he suggested that "What the Depression Has Done to Me" would be a good topic for discussion.

There is no one who has not been affected by the financial distress of the past few years. Write a long letter and tell the Cornerites how the depression has affected you, your town, your community. Tell what changes it has made in the matter of dress, of recreation, of school, of business, and of general conditions. Pens ready? One! Two! Three! Ready! Go!

Helen Auth, Anacosta Postoffice, Suitland, Md., R. F. D. 3, is a newcomer from whom we are glad to hear. Helen is not familiar with the rules and has written on both sides of the paper, but when she writes again she will correct this, or, not make the same mistake. Helen is 12, in the seventh grade, and attends school in Washington, D. C., the Capitol city. We shall expect to hear from you again soon, Helen. We want to know what you can tell us about this wonderful city and the persons of importance whom you have seen. Please write real soon. Thank you for your letter.

Two letters are being published in full this time. Both are very interesting and are well written, and we do wish that both Mary and Adrian will write again soon.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Many thanks for mentioning my name in this month's issue. I have been anxiously waiting to hear from you. At noon I discovered the monthly magazine of "The Grail" had arrived. I turned to our corner and words cannot express how happy I was when my name appeared in the column. I'll certainly write often, and I hope you won't grow tired of seeing my letters, as I hope to write many.

I had been quite busy last week and today. We have monthly exams, and I have just finished with mine today. It was raining pretty hard when I came

home at three. Tomorrow evening I have to go to our Monthly Blessed Virgin Sodality Meeting and Thursday evening I have to attend a Dramatic Society meeting. The Dramatic Society is planning a three-act play for the eve of Nov. 23 (Thanksgiving Eve). The Society has not yet decided a play but are thinking of a play called "Love Troubles." Last St. Patrick's eve a three-act play called "Bachelor's Honeymoon" was put on and it proved to be very successful. I joined this society last month. Every other Thursday we have a meeting. This Thursday there is to be a surprise. This society's ages range from 16 up. As there is quite a large number of members I do not expect to be chosen, but I will help anyway so that the play will be a success. I enjoy your column immensely. This letter isn't as long as the first because I've told you almost everything about myself so I have no more to say.

Lots of luck for our corner and hoping to hear from you sometime again. Thanking you again for your kindness in printing my name.—Sincerely yours, Mary J. McDonald, 485 Fifth Ave., Cedarhurst, L. I.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

What has happened to the letter box? I don't see it there in the place it should be. Have all the boys and girls become faint-hearted, or have they acquired the writers' cramp? Come on, boys and girls, write to the letter box. Write to me. I'll be glad to answer letters from anyone between the ages of sixteen and nineteen.

As I graduated from high school last June I have a lot of spare time. I am unable to continue my training because of financial difficulties. During my spare time I cut stories from the newspapers and paste them into magazines. I have quite a collection of stories now. I've read them all, over and over again.

It is common knowledge that jig-saw puzzles are all the the craze now. Keeping up with the rest of the world I have cut a few for myself. On Sundays, the Detroit Free Press prints a jig-saw puzzle in the comic section. I paste these on a piece of three-ply wood of adequate size, cut them out, sandpaper them, and then varnish them. After I have finished I have a very presentable puzzle. The number of the pieces to each puzzle range from seventy pieces to one hundred pieces. Putting these puzzles back together is quite a pastime.

Every once in a while my mother finds an odd job for me around the house. One was renovating an old clock. My mother had an old-fashioned timepiece which she wished did not look so bad. In other words she wanted a modern-looking clock. This little job took me two weeks. Now our clock looks as new and good-looking as any clock that can be bought in the stores, even if I do say it myself.

Aunt Agnes, when I first wrote to the corner in May, 1931, you published my letter in the July issue of the Grail. You said that I deserved a Fidelity Button. But, Aunt Agnes, I have not received my button. Could, or rather, would you kindly send me my button?

Hoping to hear from boys and girls I close this epistle with best wishes to the "Corner." Adrian Emery, 25 Cora St., River Rouge, Mich.

P. S. If the person who wrote to me from Africa sees this letter, please accept my apologies for doing as you asked. I did not have the issues of the Grail which you wanted because my mother was not taking the Grail at that time.—A. E.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

Is there a candle in your window for the Christ Child? An old legend says that on Christmas eve the Christ Child goes about the world carrying a bundle of evergreens, and that He leaves one wherever there is a welcome for Him. He stops at every door seeking to be admitted. When He finds a home where there is neither love for God nor charity for men, He does not enter. Those who are eager for His coming and who have a warm welcome prepared for Him, place a lighted candle in the window to guide Him on His journey.

Have you prepared a welcome for Him? Is the candle of love burning in your heart to invite Him in on Christmas morn?

"No room within the wayside inn,
Was there for Him, the Christ, the King;
But we who know the debt we owe,
Our hearts to Him in welcome bring."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
The angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

EXCHANGE SMILES

Freddy—"What is an iceberg, Daddy?"
Daddy—"Why, it's a kind of a permanent wave, son."

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All the rest of them," was the triumphant reply.

Abie—"My boy Ikey is a director in a bank."

Adams—"Vell, vat does he do?"

Abie—"He directs postal cards."

Adams—"Uh-huh! Vell, my boy is a draft clerk in a bank, too."

Abie—"He is?"

Adams—"Ye-es! He opens and closes the doors for the customers."

Little Mary was on a visit to her grandparents and the old-fashioned grandfather clock in the hall was a source of wonderment to her. While she was standing before it her grandmother said to her from the next room, "Is the clock running, dear?"

"No, ma'am," promptly replied Mary. "It's just standing still and wagging its tail."

The Fitzes of Fire Island

(Continued from page 370)

great thought is to fill my life full of work, of such work as God may give me to do. Once I—I failed, at a supreme moment, and now all the work I may be permitted to do cannot—, but never mind that, Fitzy,"—trying to control his voice—"the operation has left me a little weak and wandering. I—"

There was a sudden rustling of soft garments, a subtle perfume in the air. They both turned. Fitzy rose, striving to control the emotion in his face. The lady had kept her word, and he must present her to his father.

Then came a sharp cry from the cot. "Constance! Constance! Constance! My God! Alive!"

"Fernald! Fernald! Fernald!"

"After all these years—Constance!"

The sick man was sitting up in bed, his eyes wide and still half incredulous, fixed on the visitor.

Fitzy looked from one to the other wonderingly, then with sudden comprehension. Something choked in his throat, and he turned away. But only for a few moments, then the woman's arms closed about his neck.

The Things That Count

(Continued from page 367)

to throw the few things he would need into a bag just like the one Mary Lou had taken.

Many miles away, in a distant church, a slight, black figure knelt before Our Lady's altar. It was New Year's morning, and a new peace had found its way into Mary Lou's whitened soul. The tarnished rosary slid through her fingers. Mary Lou knew that at last she had found the things that count.

Abbey and Seminary

—Happy New Year to all our readers! God grant that 1933 may be for them all replete with blessings and prosperity both for body and soul!

—Five clerics of the Abbey, Fr. Joseph Battaglia, Fr. Gualbert Brunsman, Fr. Hugh Schuck, Fr. Gerald Benkert, and Fr. Bernardine Shine pronounced their solemn vows on the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, Nov. 30th. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Abbot, Fr. Prior celebrated Solemn High Mass and received the vows.

—Most Rev. Timothy Crowley, C. S. C., Bishop of Dacca, Bengal, India, in company with Bro. Daniel, C. S. C., of the Catholic High School at Evansville, spent a few hours with us on Dec. 4th. His Excellency is a native of Co. Cork in Ireland. Having come to the United States as a young man, he entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana, where he prepared himself for the priesthood. Going thence soon after his ordination to the mission field in India, he has spent nearly a quarter of a century in that pagan land, far off between two oceans on the other side of the globe.

—Father John B. Delaunay, C. S. C., who also spent some years on the missions in India with Bishop Crowley, but who is now editor of *The Bengalese*, which is published at Washington, likewise paid us a brief call early in December. He was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Ritter, and by Father Hermann, both of the Cathedral at Indianapolis.

—Father Abbot returned from his extended trip to the Dakotas and other western states on Dec. 7. In North Dakota he found deep snow, but the highways were kept open by big snow plows. The long journey at this season was undertaken in behalf of the Turtle Mountain Indian reservation, which lies along, and in close proximity to, the Canadian border. This reservation is a small tract of land that measures six miles wide by twelve miles long with a population of 3,200. This will in all probability be taken over by the Abbey next summer. The reservation is occupied by Chippewa Indians who are for the most part Catholic. The missionary in charge will have to be conversant with the French tongue, for the Chippewas have long been under the care of French Canadian priests.

—On the feast of the Immaculate Conception Father Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the morning and Pontifical Vespers in the afternoon. This was the first time that Pontifical Vespers had been celebrated in the present church. In the evening of this great feast sixteen seminarians were enrolled in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in the Major Seminary. Fifty-six boys were taken into the Sodality in the Minor Seminary. The two rectors officiated in their respective departments.

—Another landmark of the early days was removed when the small frame building that stood next to the old parish church was torn down recently. When "ye scribe" came to these parts in 1894 the pastor's office occupied a room on the first floor of this building. The Abbey tailor, Bro. Nereus, now deceased, had his shop on the upper floor. Because it was considered a fire hazard, the building was doomed to destruction.

—Mr. Joseph Hirsch, Vice President and Auditor of the First Cannelton National Bank, died quite suddenly early in the morning of December 8th at Martinsville, Indiana, where he and Mrs. Hirsch were staying at the time. The funeral took place at Cannelton four days later. Father Abbot, Father Meinrad, and Brothers Aloysius and Felix represented the Abbey. Mr. Hirsch, who was a bookbinder by trade, came to St. Meinrad from Bavaria in 1895. After spending five years in the college, he cast his lot as a layman

among the citizens of the land. Having obtained a position in the bank at Cannelton, he gradually worked his way up to the position he held at the time of his death. Taking part in local politics, Mr. Hirsch was elected state senator and represented his district for one term. Being of a jovial disposition, the deceased was always popular. To the very last he remained a loyal and staunch friend of his *Alma Mater*. God grant him eternal rest!

—On Sunday evening, Dec. 19, between the hours of 6 and 7, the Abbey Concert Band, under the direction of Father John, gave an enjoyable concert in the auditorium of the Minor Seminary. The festive decorations, streamers from lamp to lamp throughout the hall, were reminiscent of the approaching anniversary of the Nativity. An enormous row of "elephant ears"—potted plants—occupied a prominent place on the stage to "listen in." Small electric bulbs of various hues, dotting the frame around the MERRY CHRISTMAS greeting that beamed upon all present, winked and blinked at regular intervals to the beat of the baton as they "faced the music" and the audience.

—For some days before the opening of the holiday vacation there was a little snow on the ground and the mercury dropped down one morning to zero. The students took advantage of the ice on the lake to skate while the opportunity lasted. Several were badly shaken up and bruised while trying to use skis. Before Christmas, however, both snow and ice escaped in streams that flowed down to the Anderson as they headed for the Ohio. A south wind brought us rain. It was a mystery to little ones how Santa Claus could come with his reindeer and sleigh. Let us hope he found a way to each and everyone.

—A number of large buses were lined up on the morning of Dec. 22 to convey the students home for the holidays. Very few went by train, except such as enjoyed the privilege of passes on the railroads. How times have changed! This year the vacation will continue until Jan. 4th, which is two days shorter than in former years.

—On the evening previous to their departure the seminarians of the Major Seminary invited us all to the College gym to attend an entertainment they had provided for us. The brief playlet, with a plot that could be worked into a very interesting play, hinged on the petitions contained in the seven "O" antiphons that occur at Vespers on the seven days that precede the vigil of Christmas. The antiphon was first read in the vernacular, then it was sung softly in the Gregorian chant. After each antiphon followed the scene of the playlet that had bearing on the antiphon read. The acting was good. This was an original playlet written by one of the seminarians.

—On Dec. 2nd a decision of some importance was rendered in favor of our institution when the Indiana State Educational Department granted the high school course of our Minor Seminary a commission of the first class. After all conditions have been satisfied the credits of our high school department will without further ado be recognized by the State.

—The "casula ampla," as it is called, or the ample

chasable," which in graceful folds envelops and drapes the priest at the altar, may now be seen in the Abbey Church at Conventual High Mass each morning. These beautiful vestments in the five liturgical colors were made by the Benedictine Sisters at Yankton, South Dakota.

—Father Isidore Maenner left us on Dec. 21 for Zell, So. Dak., where he will act as chaplain to a small community of Benedictine Sisters, who belong to the convent at Yankton. When the whistling winds pile the driving snow in heaps about his cabin door, the good Father may wish he were back among the wooded hills of southern Indiana. But there is consolation in the thought that we serve God best wherever obedience places us.

—The papers carried notice that the Benedictine Abbeys of Beuron and Weingarten in Germany would broadcast midnight Mass over an international hook-up, which would be 6:30 p. m. central standard time. The Archabbot of Beuron was to preach in English. At the appointed time the announcement came that the radio audience would now hear "the famous Benedictine Abbey of Burron" in Germany. After a quarter of an hour's patient waiting, the announcer informed his audience that owing to unfavorable weather conditions it was impossible to get the programs from Germany. Shortly before, however, we had heard the cathedral in Paris. When the radio man has "conquered" the air, we hope to listen in with perfect composure.

—Christmas dawned an ideal, sunshiny, spring day, without even a frost in the early morning. It was like Easter. Only a week previous we were in the throes of midwinter with the mercury down to zero. The angels' song in the hallways of the Abbey at 1:30 a. m. invited us to hasten to the Crib. The psalms of Matins were heard from 2 to 3 a. m. when the *Te Deum* was sung. The first Solemn High Mass followed with Father Prior as celebrant, then came Solemn Lauds with celebrant and sacred ministers at the altar. These services closed at 4:40. Next in order were the private Masses. The greater number of the few priests at home celebrated their three Masses in succession. At 6:50 Prime was sung before the second Solemn High Mass, which Father Subprior celebrated. At 9 o'clock the monks filed into choir. Following these was a procession of all the servers and sacred ministers of the Pontifical High Mass with the celebrant thereof, the Rt. Rev. Abbot, bringing up the rear. During the singing of Tierce, as prescribed by the ceremonial, the celebrant vested at the throne.—Although the snow had all disappeared, and Santa Claus could not come the traditional way, yet he managed to arrive on Christmas night. He was accompanied by good St. Nicholas. These patrons of a merry Christmas, each in appropriate attire, received at the door of the College Auditorium the members of the community as they arrived for a family gathering. Candies and nuts were served. The Abbey orchestra entertained with some excellent numbers.

—The recreation room of the Fathers, which has undergone a complete renovation from floor to ceiling,

looks inviting. Just across the hall the Brothers have a fine, large, well-ventilated, lightsome room where they can enjoy their recreations.

—While the work of rewiring is not yet completed, the a-c current has been extended to the church also.

Book Notices

Bookkeeping for Parish Priests, by the Rev. Daniel J. Kaib, O. S. B., St. Vincent Seminary, Latrobe, Pa., is an eminently practical textbook for teaching seminarians how to keep accurate records and how to apply business methods to the business transactions they will probably have to deal with in pastoral life. By actual test in the classroom the reviewer has attained splendid results with the use of this textbook. L. D.

The Beauties of Motherhood, by the Rt. Rev. Placidus Glogger, O. S. B., translated and adapted by the Rev. Ambrose Reger, O. S. B. (Publishers, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.00.)—In our day when motherhood is more or less universally frowned upon among civilized (?) peoples, and means to frustrate nature are so often resorted to, it is refreshing to get a book that will encourage our Catholic women to cooperate with the plans of Divine Providence to increase the number of the Blessed in heaven. "The Beauties of Motherhood" should prove an antidote to the poison of our age. This book would make a very suitable gift for all mothers as well as for young women who are contemplating marriage. B.

A Grain of Mustard Seed—Memoirs and Utterances of Sister Mary Reparata, O. P., (Benziger Brothers, publishers. Price: net, 85¢) is a book that is composed chiefly of the devout and edifying sayings of the servant of God, who passed to eternity on Oct. 10, 1927. The average reader will find the brief life sketch interesting and edifying but rather too short and sketchy. B.

Gemma Galgani, by the Rev. John P. Clarke, is published by Benziger Brothers. (Price: \$1.00.) The author in a pleasing manner portrays the simple life of the saintly maiden, tells of her great love for Jesus Crucified, her sufferings, and of the divine favors of which she was the recipient. B.

I Go to Confession, Sister M. Alphonsus, O. S. U., with a Foreword by the Rev. Thomas Chapman, C. SS. R., is truly "a little book of simple instructions and prayers for young children" that will be found very helpful in preparing small children, and those that are backward, for making a good confession. It should be in every home where there are children. The pages of this useful booklet are brightened by a number of illustrations in colors. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price from 20¢ each for a single copy, to \$13.50 per 100 copies. B.

The Hired Ghost is a comedy in three acts by William M. Lamers, written for nine men and five women. To prevent the guests from changing their lodgings from Rose Briar Tavern to another resort, the owners decide to furnish the decided thrills by hiring a ghost. Several other ghosts put in their appearance the same night, providing more excitement than was intended. The discovery of a criminal circle in the midst of it all helps to form an interesting plot. Price 50¢. The Catholic Dramatic Movement, 1511 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. J. P.

The Catholic Dramatic Movement has issued a *Year Book* for the play season of 1932-1933 that contains a list of plays with price list. These plays are briefly described. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Epiphany

In the course of the autumn which preceded the birth of Jesus Christ, certain Chaldean Magi, skilled in the study of the courses of the planets, discovered a star of the first magnitude, which was recognized by its extraordinary motion and other no less certain signs, as that star of Jacob, long before predicted by Balaam, which was to arise on their horizon at the time of the coming of the Messiah. According to the ancient traditions of Iran, Zoroaster, who was the restorer of the science of the Magi, besides being a learned man, versed in the stars and in the theology of the Hebrews, announced that a divine infant, who was to change the face of the world, would be born of a virgin, pure and immaculate, in the westernmost region of Asia.

This Zoroaster pointed out that a star, hitherto unknown, would appear in their heavens to announce this remarkable event, and he left directions that when this star appeared, some of the members of this society of Magi, were to call on this young king in person, and bear presents to him. Faithful and scrupulous executors of the wishes of Zoroaster, three of the most illustrious wise men of Babylon, while scanning the heavens at night, suddenly discovered this star, and obediently prepared at once for the journey to Bethlehem, although when they started out, they did not know exactly the spot where the new king was to be born. The star took care of this, moving along and leading them on the twenty days' march from the borders of the Euphrates to the cave on the hillside near the town, where it remained fixed.

Just before Jerusalem, however, the star disappeared, and they, at a loss, inquired of Herod, as we know. The doctors of the law, after searching the ancient tomes, told them where the Messiah was to be born, according to the prophecies, and when the wise men resumed their journey, the star reappeared to guide them. And there, in a cave, they found the Child, and offered Him their princely gifts, nor was their faith shaken because he lay in a poor crib, instead of being surrounded by riches and pomp.

The Diamond

This is the hardest of all the minerals, and is the only thing that can scratch a ruby or a sapphire. The principal diamond fields of the world are those of South Africa. A great many are mined in Brazil too,

but while the latter are harder, they are also less brilliant. Like the ancients, whose passion it was to discover a way to make gold out of baser metals, modern science has found a process by which synthetic diamonds are manufactured, and only experts can detect them from the real thing. However cheap these latter may be, and beautiful too, yet our lips curl in scorn of the manufactured kind. We seem to prefer the kind God made. We know that diamonds are a form of carbon, but their history is still a scientific mystery. Coal is carbon too, and coal burns. Does it follow then, that diamonds may be used as fuel? Try it. Put your diamond ring into the fire and what will happen? You will have a little mass of melted gold, but the diamond—where is it? It will have vanished into thin air! Rather expensive fuel, you will say.

Professor Henry Moissan tried the experiment of making diamonds by melting pure iron with sugar charcoal in an electric furnace and then plunging the melted mass into cold water. He obtained some tiny hard crystals, not very satisfactory. We can make graphite, another form of carbon, from diamonds, but once the diamond has been changed into graphite, it cannot be changed back into a diamond again. So the next time you forget your lead pencil, think twice before transforming your diamond ring.

Diamonds are found in river glacial gravel or in "blue ground" in mines. They were first found in India, then in Brazil, until in 1867, they were found in great abundance in South Africa. In 1887, \$5,000,000 worth of diamonds were mined in the latter country. In Brazil, in 1853, a large diamond was picked up by a negress out of a river, and it was sold to a prince of India for \$400,000. In its natural state, it is often of a dull lead color; cutting and polishing bring out its brilliance.

Plant Seed

Pick up any kind of seed and contemplate it. The secret of all creation, God's handiwork, is locked up in it. It seems almost impossible to realize that within a tiny seed lying in the palm of our hand, lies the beginning of a mighty tree! Just as there is a sermon in a blade of grass, there is a whole volume of sermons in a single seed! In it we may contemplate the greatness of the Almighty, the intricate thought processes which have produced such a marvelous object, His infinite wisdom, the boundless knowledge and ability of a Being capable of creating such endless classes and

varieties of objects! Our small brains reel and stagger under the effort to comprehend the workings of this Master Mind—and yet some say there is no God!

There are seeds and seeds. Some of them are microscopic in size, such as orchid seed, which is like coal dust; then there is the cocoanut, quite a handy-sized little seed, carrying along its own cow—the milk inside the kernel, which feeds the young plant until it can sustain itself above ground. There is no standard size or shape to seeds. Every plant differs in the kind of seed it produces. Some are round, some oval, some smooth and shiny, others rough; some sprout quickly, others take months, even years, to germinate. For instance, radishes will appear above ground in two weeks, while rose seeds have been known to lie in the ground for six or seven years before germinating.

Plants have various ways of scattering their seed. There is the dandelion, which burst out into a round ball of gossamer, each strand of fairy silk being attached to a seed, and depending upon the breeze to propagate its kind. The lady-slipper plant has a way of exploding its seed pods, as anybody knows who has tried to pick very ripe ones, scattering its tiny bronze seeds far and wide. Violets, too, violently expel their seed, and thus we find, where we had only one plant this year, next year there will be several.

Vigil Lights

Entering into the silent church, with its incense-laden atmosphere and mysterious hush, one notices the eternal vigil light before the high altar, and those other varicolored ones, set in a dusky corner before the Sacred Heart or some special saint, and one watches their pulsating flames behind the blue, or red, or green glass, as a rosary slips through restless fingers. How emblematic they are of a Christian life, burning itself out in God's service, until not a drop of wax is left, and the tin shield and the glass itself are as dry as if no candle had ever been there!

A burning vigil light is unable to be lukewarm or cold or indifferent. By its very nature, once ignited, it must perforce consume itself by the very ardor of the flame which eagerly drinks up the wax, and never ceases until every last drop has been devoured. The saints may be likened to living vigil lights; their bodies were the wax candles, and the love of God which pulsated within their souls, was the flame which burned fiercely within them, and drove them to do unheard-of things for His glory. In some saints, like St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, this flame burned so fiercely, that their very clothing was burned brown—sorched by the love of God!

No Christian ought to be lukewarm. Just as a vigil light cannot be lukewarm when lighted, so, a Christian soul, once ignited by the grace of God received at Baptism, ought to burn itself out unremittingly in His service, so that when the angels come, at the last moment, not a drop of wax will be left. Often, however, the candle flame is smothered by sin, and the soul is left cold and dark. The Sacraments are the matches by which we rekindle the light. Even

as a vigil light is a burnt offering of wax to God, so our lives should be consumed by zeal for His service, a burnt offering of mortified and disciplined flesh.

Club Activities

Girls' Clubs, which meet once a week, every fortnight, or once every month, are sometimes at a loss what to do in the cold winter months. In summer there are all sorts of outdoor activities that suggest themselves, but in winter, if sleighing and skating are taboo, or if the climate does not provide such joys, the entertainer must exercise her ingenuity in inventing amusement for her club sisters. One splendid club, which is composed of high school juniors, meets one evening a week, preferably Wednesday. If the date is inconvenient for one or more members, the meeting is shifted to another evening.

The girls take turns in entertaining, and the entertainer must invent amusement for the evening, the nature of which is not disclosed until the evening of the meeting. One girl will decide to have a candy-making bee; she must have all the ingredients for several kinds of candy to be made, each girl being permitted to choose her own. All sorts of aprons are commandeered for the girls to wear, or improvised of paper napkins sewed together, or towels. If there are more girls than saucepans and stove burners, they may double up. Next day there is a grand candy sale at school, and the proceeds are sent to the missions. Of course, refreshments are provided by the hostess.

Another girl might have a cake-baking, with the same object in view. Very sensibly, they realize that while the missions benefit, they themselves are gaining valuable experience in baking, and having a lot of fun in the bargain. A third girl will provide pop corn and several cheap screen poppers, and much merriment is had while the tiny kernels are leaping about and being converted into snow-white puffs. Some of it is coated with syrup, and others salted and buttered, and usually, these mission-minded girls bring the products of their labor to school next day to be turned into cash. Of course, no one can gainsay that a great deal of the salable merchandise disappears within red lips and never finds its way to the sale table; but that is a part of the reward of the evening, and is provided for by quantity.

Sometimes a girl has her mother obtain gingham or other cotton material, and the latter cuts it out into small garments or underthings, one for each girl to sew by hand. The girls are requested to bring along all the jokes they can clip from magazines and papers, and each reads one joke while the others sew, going around the ring until all of them are exhausted, (the jokes, not the girls). The garments go to the missions or to the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Then again, one entertainer may be very intellectual, and provide for a literary evening; poems may be read, and part of the biography of each author be given. Then the game of authors may be played, or each girl required to write a short poem, for which

prizes may be given. Sometimes they make fancywork at their meetings, and when they have enough, they give a lotto at one girl's home for some charity.

Household Hints

If a dark dress is needed quickly for a special occasion, and there are no spare pennies with which to buy one, select a light crepe frock from last summer, and dye it. Follow directions exactly and you will be delighted with the results.

A handful of Epsom salts in a foot tub of hot water will relieve aching, swollen feet, caused by prolonged standing or walking.

Never stack dishes in the sink without filling them all with water, hot preferred. Then if they must stand awhile, they will not be dried and caked. Washing will be easy.

An old stocking slipped over a broom with the end trailing will quickly pick up all fuzz and threads that have gathered on the kitchen floor. Take off and shake outside; quicker than sweeping.

One woman took an old umbrella frame, painted it with white enamel and hung it from the porch ceiling; it was a splendid drier for small articles, such as dish towels, gloves, socks, etc.

Never rub soap directly onto knitted woolen materials; it causes shrinkage. Make a rich suds, and use white soap or mild flakes.

Recipes

MEAT PIE: Any kind of meat may be used, pork, veal, or beef, also hamburger. About a pound is needed, but 1½ pounds will easily fit in if more meat is wanted. Cut into small pieces and brown in an aluminum or iron pot first, adding half or whole sliced onion (according to taste) toward last, when meat is nearly brown on all sides. When seared, add two cups water, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons catsup, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1½ teaspoons sugar. Bring to a boil and simmer until tender. Have pie pan lined with crust, and pour in meat and gravy (which has been thickened with flour and water) put on top crust and bake fifteen minutes, or until top of pie is nicely browned. Hamburger is first browned in skillet, with the same ingredients added, except that only 1 cup of water is used instead of two. Bring to a boil and mix well, then simmer while a little flour and water are being mixed to thicken the gravy. Pour into crust and bake.

NOEL CHARLOTTE RUSSE: Make two packages of jelly, one cherry, one lime, and make rather stiff. Place each in separate pan to stiffen, no deeper than ½ or ¾ inch. Line sherbet glasses with lady fingers and have whipped cream ready. With wet paring knife, cut jelly into cubes. Place in glasses, a tablespoon of whipped cream, then three or four red and green cubes, more cream and more cubes, until glasses are filled. Top with a red and green cube, or two of each, arranged in a square.

A Word to Hunters

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Watch your so-called trivial injuries. Every hunting season brings its appalling list of casualties and fatalities, which can be diminished mainly by following the maxim: "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Prevention of accidents calls for 'horse sense,' a rare commodity, as may be seen from the frequent changing of seats in a boat, dragging a gun muzzle foremost over a fence or through the brush, or carrying loaded guns in improper positions.

After accidents have happened, the serious wounds will receive prompt attention and need no further mention at this time. It is the slight wounds, so-called trivial injuries, that are often neglected. Gunshot shells contain wadding made of horse hair and therefore wounds made from gun shot shells are liable to contain tetanus germs. The germ of lockjaw finds favorable conditions for growth in gunshot wounds no matter how slight they seem. Lockjaw may not manifest itself until after ten or more days—when treatment is a serious problem and the outlook grave. Prompt, competent medical attention at the time of the injury will prevent serious developments. A life may depend on the immediate decision as to whether or not anti-tetanus serum should be given to prevent development of lockjaw.

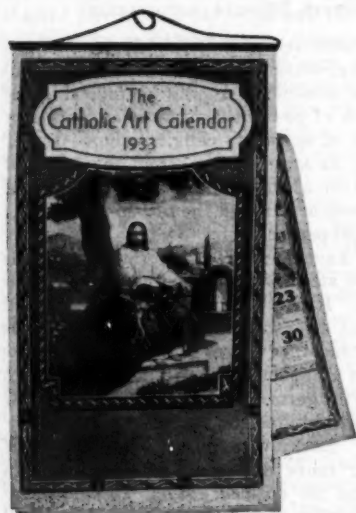
Lacerated wounds: Scratches from bushes, thorns, trees, wires, notably barb-wire fences, leave open surfaces for the absorption of infection with possible resultant (blood poisoning). Such abrasions should be cleaned and then protected from contamination by clean dressings.

Sprains of joints are often more serious than they seem to be at first, and such injuries may call for x-ray pictures to exclude bone injury and to be followed by rest—by splint or plaster supports—in this way markedly reducing the period of disability.



"You can obtain Father John's Medicine at the nearest drug store, or send \$1.20 to Father John's Medicine, Lowell, Mass., for a large family size bottle, all charges prepaid."

FREE



MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF
THE CALENDAR PAGES AND COVER

REDUCED RATES:—

The Grail	{	1 year for \$2
		2 years for \$3
		3 years for \$4
		4 years for \$5

You will receive this beautiful and most practical calendar with your renewal to "The Grail." This is an extra reward given you with your selection of a gift on page 354. These calendars will be given away free with every renewal or new subscription as long as our supply lasts. So act quickly.

Magnificent 1933 Catholic Art Calendar

14 pages— Size 9 x 17

In four colors

A month to a page, the days bear Scriptural quotations and respective Saints' Days. All of the feast days of the year are shown, and many Biblical scenes and other illustrations of Saints and Martyrs and other holy men and women are presented. The back page of the calendar is an encyclopedia of authentic information which every Catholic should have at hand.

Contents:

1. A Table of Movable Feasts.
2. Table of all the Feasts that are observed in the United States, with obligation of hearing Mass and abstaining from servile work.
3. Laws of Fast and Abstinence.
4. Table of Fast and Abstinence.
5. The Times wherein Marriages are not solemnized.
6. Rules for administering Lay Baptism.
7. A Summary of Christian Faith and Practice.

The Grail, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Enclosed \$.....

Please renew my subscription to "The Grail" for
years. Send me the calendar and gift

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Married Life and Family Handbook

By R. Willman, M. D.

The Only Textbook which gives full Instruction of Family Life

It treats on the fundamentals of the human race; questions of vital interest to those contemplating the married state, and should be read by every one before entering this state of life. It treats on Sex-Hygiene, Eugenics, Birth Control, etc., *all from the Physiological viewpoint based on Christian principles*; including a well regulated treatise on disease of Appendicitis, Adenoids, Diphtheria, Goiter, Tonsillitis, etc., care of the sick, infant feeding, training of children and hundreds of other things for the benefit of the human family.

A Bishop among other comments on the book says: "It is a valuable contribution to the literature on the subject; in fact it is the best I have seen."

Rev. D. E. Hudson, of Notre Dame, Ind., says: "Success to your book! It certainly deserves to have a wide sale. The reading of it will do much good, and in many ways."

A Benedictine Father writes: "Accept my congratulation! It is a book the need of which has long been felt."

Price \$3.00 Postpaid.

THE ABBEY PRESS

Book Department

ST. MEINRAD, IND.

Every Housewife Will Welcome

A

Molly Gavin's Own Cookbook

Prepared especially for the Catholic woman

* * * * *

Contains about 3000 hints and recipes, old favorites and new

* * * * *

AN IDEAL GIFT

* * * * *

Bound in a white, washable cover

Sent to any address for ONE DOLLAR. Address all requests to

Book Department

THE ABBEY PRESS

ST. MEINRAD, IND.

For only \$2!

You Will Receive:

- 1.** Twelve issues of "The Grail"—a Catholic magazine dedicated to the spreading and fostering of devotion to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. The revenue derived from this publication is spent for the support and education of young men studying at St. Meinrad's Seminary for the holy priesthood.
- 2.** A beautiful gift—FREE! We are enabled to make possible this gift because we have no agents' commission to pay. We are now soliciting subscriptions direct from St. Meinrad, Indiana.
- 3.** The glowing satisfaction of knowing that you have contributed toward the fulfillment of some young man's God-given vocation—the Priesthood.
- 4.** Benefits of the daily Conventual High Mass offered for all the friends and benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey.

New Reduced Rates

- 1 Year Subscription — \$2
- 2 Year Subscription — \$3
- 3 Year Subscription — \$4
- 4 Year Subscription — \$5

Please turn to page 354 for illustrations of the valuable and useful gifts now on display at the Abbey Press.

